MIDNIGHT SCENES IN THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK

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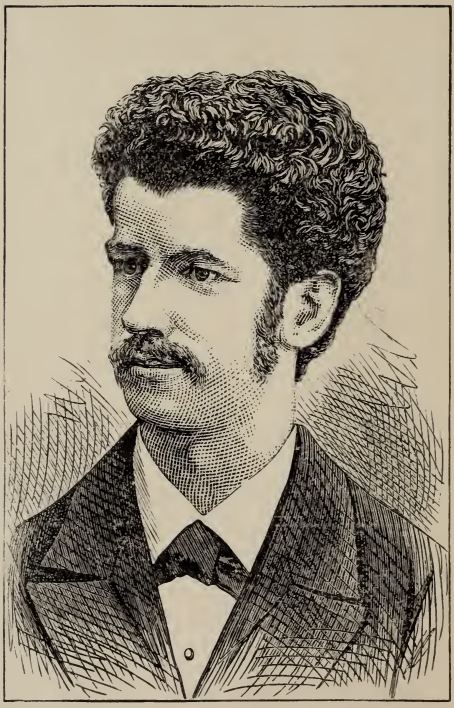

MIDNIGHT SCENES

IN THE

SLUMS OF NEW YORK:

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY

THE REV. FRED. BELL,

THE "SINGING PREACHER,"

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NOTTINGHAM.

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THE REV. GEORGE GREGG,

OF SHEFFIELD,

MY SPIRITUAL FATHER.

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PREFACE.

IN sending out this Book, we owe an explanation or apology, and as a "Preface" is for that purpose, we embrace this opportunity of stating that many of the "Sketches" have appeared in the "*Midland Sunbeam*," and "*New York Family Story Paper*," but at the request of hundreds of friends, we reproduce them in book form, having revised and dressed them up in their Sunday clothing, though it will be seen at a glance that the Author has wasted no midnight oil over the construction of nicely-rounded sentences, or stately periods, and we hereby give notice to the *mere* critic to spare himself the trouble of reading our unpretending volume.

However, here it is; we hope it will be a welcome visitor, and know our friends will be glad to see it for our sake, and strangers for its own. If it should have a long life, we shall be glad; if it should die in its infancy we shall still be glad it was born.

FRED BELL.

Nottingham, 1881.

I.

"Going to America."

IN October, 1871, I left the town of Rotherham, Yorkshire, my boyhood's home, and the home of my kindred, for the New World.

I loved my island home, but wanted to see more of the world, and had a fancy to taste some of the free new Western life of which I had heard so much, and to see for myself the vigorous young nation, that had just passed through its second bloody baptism and fight for "a right to be."

I had ten pounds, English money, in my pocket, the price of two fat pigs in my native town. With this, my whole available worldly store, I bade "good-bye" to my family and friends, who strenuously sought to dissuade me from my purpose, declaring I was taking a wrong step, and perhaps making the "mistake

of my life." I set off on my journey, with much curiosity concerning the sea voyage, and with some sadness on my heart, for it was a long journey to take across a mighty trackless ocean, involving many days to cross, and much expense. Much might happen ere I put foot on the dock at New York, and we might never meet again, and he must be very stolid who can bid good-bye to loved ones without some feeling, when sighing and sobbing through that farewell spoken, was the undertone of "perhaps we may meet again, and perhaps never."

A few hours in the steam cars brought me to Liverpool, where I booked for New York on board the steamer *City of Washington*, since wrecked. I went, of course, steerage, which took six pounds six shillings of my ten pounds.

We had a rough passage of it, and if accepted as an omen of my New World life, I was destined to have a rough time. However, signs never had much importance to me; neither witches, wizards, nor omens, so I was not greatly stirred, except in the manner almost all who, being unaccustomed to it, "go down into the great deep in a ship." Therein

I was greatly stirred UP, having an epigastric earthquake going on in the regions under the waistcoat nearly all the time. Someone has described sea-sickness as that condition of the whole body and mind, of supreme nausea which makes one wish all the time that "he was dead, and yet fearful all the time that he will die," a state of feeling *excessively mean*, with no immediate prospect of recovery. Indeed, judging from some men's actions, they never do recover, it is a taint that eternally spoils them; they are for ever sea-sick, and it costs them all they save by it, besides being welcome to it.

Twelve days brought me to New York. With but three pounds in my pocket and not a friend in that great country, I landed, went in search of a boarding-house, found one, got my luggage to it, and retired for one good night's rest in a bed on shore.

I could not sleep. I missed being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and I objected to the change of being pounded in the mortar of a great, throbbing, rushing, pounding city. Besides, everything was new to me, and strange. I was far away from home, indeed.

For twelve days a snorting, smoking, groaning, rolling monster had been bearing me away from all dear and familiar to me, and I was expecting them all the time, but they didn't come. New scenes, faces, voices, modes of speech, and ways of life met my eye and ear, just as though I had been shot out into space a hundred million miles and stepped down into an entirely new world. I was the same, but everything around me was different, and it was a difference three thousand miles wide, and so I couldn't sleep. I don't believe you could either, reader. Morning came, and with it I came down, and, after a hasty breakfast, I started out in search of employment, for I could not idle. I went to *work*, and so I traversed Broadway in search of a "baker's and confectioner's." I walked and walked, and saw none, and came to the conclusion that it was only to be accounted for from the peculiar habits of the people, that Americans did not eat pastry nor candy.

I have become wiser since that, however, for a taste for the sweets is a very strong one with that people. I also learned that business etiquette and the hard argument of finances

relegate these stores, with others of the kind, to side streets. I soon discerned this, for, when I came to Bleecker Street, I turned off, and had not gone a half a block before I found one, *and work*, too.

I remained a few weeks, when the concern stopped business—another thing I learned was not an unusual occurrence—and I was thrown out of a situation.

Here was a dilemma I had not expected to be in; I sought for a new place, but it came not. For nearly two months I walked the great city from morning till night, seeking work—

"Begging a brother of the earth
To give me leave to toil."

My money began to be very low, and I, too, became very anxious; still no work. I tried to be hopeful and cheerful, but it's a little difficult to be successful in that line when you reckon a failure every night and morning. My last cent was gone. I had been but partly fed for some days, for I was young and proud, and charity bread never did taste good to me; what with want for butter, and pride for a plate, it's rather unpleasant eating. I walked

miles on miles in search of employment, my pockets were empty, and so was my stomach, breakfast had not broken the fast for me, dinner had not paid its respect to me, and it bade fair that supper time would bring no message for me: in my ears rang the gloomy cry, "Don't need any one, sir," It commenced to look like a conspiracy, or bad prophecies coming to early fulfilment, or very blue. It began to affect me, my natural cheerfulness began to flag, courage and hope bade me good day. I was ashamed of being seen. The next day was Sunday. I went to church as usual, but was too hungry to listen; but I told no one that I was out of work, nor out of food either. I didn't believe in whining, and don't yet much, and hoped something would turn up soon—perhaps next day. Oh! how often the poor and unhelped say, with a pathos of suffering words can never express, "Monday may bring something." I never broke fast *that* day. I walked the cold streets until dark, for it was February now. I would not go to my boarding place, for I had no money, and I would not eat up other people's victuals, and so I stayed in the streets, and

often I had to go into the alleyways and yards and get down on my knees and pray God to take my hunger away, which He did every time. Starving in the streets of New York is not a very agreeable thing; I have tasted some of the bitter fruit of that tree. I know what three words mean—homeless, friendless, hungry: very full words, full of loneliness, pain, sorrow, and tears. Alas! too many in this great city know what depths they have, and too many who might do much toward relieving such, through thoughtlessness or selfishness, let them suffer. No doubt it's well to be pinched, if it does not kill you. It's a good thing in the way of experience to starve a little if it does not continue too long, or if you don't die under the operation. I know how to feel for a hungry man, and *fellow* feeling is the *fire* and force of the best states of charitable feelings and actions, without which a shilling may be dispensed or a needy one relieved, but no true act of charity performed, or charitable emotions experienced. In my case, at least, it was a fitting which I needed for a career soon to open before me. *Now*, *I* do not regret it. Yet it does not require much

grace to be resigned to a past experience when the pain is gone. I can feel very charitable towards the toothache I had last year. It might be met with a different feeling if it should *ache now*. My friends at the boarding house caught me in my room that night, and, finding out my condition, took me down stairs and *filled me up*, and it took some filling to do it, for I was an *empty man*, they made me at home, "money or no money," till I got work, which I did shortly after, and so out of a very great strait I was brought by one path and another to the position I now hold, and I am free to confess my gratification, at least, in being able to say I have been on the lowest rung of the ladder. If I have gained any success or position, it has not come from birth, from being pushed by powerful friends, from happening to strike in when the tide was *up*, and running at its swiftest, but from low places, from the verge of distress and friendlessness. I have been brought through every step of the upward journey, and gained a rich experience, that brings me very close to the side of *every man*. And it may be that I have some of the experience of that *other man*,

the man, among men, "The Lordly Man," when I say *brother* to those who need a word of cheer, a helping hand, or a friend to stay by them till they are out of the drag. No one can hope to gain much success without some risk, and risk that involves pain and suffering. But the manhood one gets pays for the experience endured to get it. If a man is down, I would say don't give up and stay down, watch your opportunity and *get up*. And if you keep your heart true and put the trust of the soul in a better power, the getting up will be quicker, and you will *stay up*, which is better.

II.

How I became a "Singing Preacher."

THERE is a reason for everything under the sun; or, at least, there should be, and a good one, too. And there is a reason for my connecting vocal music with my spoken discourses; and, as it is often asked how and why I sing so much, perhaps I had better "rise to explain."

There is a prejudice in some directions against the practice as an auxiliary to Christian work, strangely enough, too, as the following incident will show.

While in conversation with a friend one day, he mentioned a critique a clergyman once uttered in his hearing concerning what he styled "the impropriety of my singing the Gospel;" taking sides especially against "solo singing," and citing Christ as his authority, giving this rather original reason

on which his objections were founded, "that Christ told His disciples to *preach*, and not sing the Gospel."

Now, whether he meant that these were the literal words of the Saviour's commission, or that the simple command to preach embodied as an emphatic limitation a prohibition from every other mode of presenting the Gospel to men than that of direct oral teaching, "deponent saith not."

One thing we do know, that we could commend to this literalist the doing of many other things which were more literally enjoined by the Saviour, which we are sure he neglects, and so form as strong an argument for the duty of washing one another's feet—an argument and practice more useful and important than the one insisted upon; and as well for the observing of other duties; and we have thought that if it should ever occur to him that there is a duty he should perform, and he is at a loss where to begin, we offer our own to start him in business.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the objector could not sing. Whether that throws any light on the subject or not we

leave you to conclude; but to the duty in hand. I was born a singer, perhaps singing. Of that, however, I have no personal recollection.

I could sing about as soon as I could talk, and that you may guess was very early.

When but a boy I could sing most of the popular songs of the day, and singing seemed to grow upon me, though I never took a single lesson in singing in my life; all that I can say, it was *in* me, and I opened my mouth wide and let it *out*.

I was full of music; the winds sang to me, and I sang back; the birds made music to me, and I responded, while every accordant note made melody to my ears and harmony to my spirits.

And when a better power led me to give up my "wicked life," and changed everything within and without me, there came no change upon my musical taste, only such elevating and purifying influences as religion always exerts.

Though my sins and bad nature were gone, my love for music and song remained, and I concluded it was left for a purpose which would be known in good time.

I soon found that there were scores of beautiful songs I could sing, and that I was not less fond of singing now than before. I hope that I shall not be misunderstood when I say I always like praise better than prayer. I do not mean "self-praise" but "God praise," that form of worship known as singing hymns of devotion, adoration, thanksgiving and petition to the worship of God; I like it best because it is the better form of prayer, and one almost everybody can use, and one that should be more freely used than it is.

It is a balm and a benediction; it often sends a gleam of comfort athwart a dark, dark hour, like the flash of a sunbeam painting its bright, golden track, on the dark breast of the storm-cloud, and for a good many other reasons which you know as well as I do.

One day I visited a "sailors' boarding-house," with the view of inviting some of the sons of ocean to the meeting at night, and as I entered I heard some one singing "a bonnie song," and when he came to the chorus they all joined in with a will, and strangely enough it was a familiar comic song I used to sing in years gone by, and which was now brought fresh to my memory.

There were several sailors in the room. I entered, sat down as if interested, and as I glanced around I saw they had nearly all been drinking freely.

When the song ended, the singer walked over to me and addressed me:

"Look here, shipmate, you've got a singing face. Won't you sing us a song?"

I said I would on one condition.

"Name it, my lad, name it," chimed in several voices.

"It is this: You must keep perfectly quiet, and I'll sing."

The man who gave the invitation was evidently the master of the place and leader, for, drawing himself to his full height and lifting his clenched hand in an impressive manner, he said in a suggestive and emphatic tone:

"All right, sail right in, my lad," and turning upon the crowd he added, "I'll swell the man's head who attempts to interfere with the young fellar."

It may not have been as refined a mode of obtaining order and attention as the leader of an orchestra would have adopted, but it was

remarkably effectual. It meant something not easily misunderstood by those men, and with great show of respect they arranged themselves on their benches, and with sobriety of countenance they sat erect, and hardly winked as I proceeded to sing that beautiful ballad entitled "Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

A *prima donna* never had a more attentive audience, and as the song went on—a strange song for such a scene—rough hearts were touched, and you could see the tears trickling down brown cheeks, and their deep chests heaving with suppressed emotions that had not stirred them since childhood, perchance.

When the song was ended they gave me uproarious applause and shouted *encore*, and the leader rising and placing his broad shoulders against the door, said:

"Young man, you can't leave this place till you sing again. Now, plant yourself, and let her whistle."

I saw determined admiration in his face, and tasted some of the embarrassments of popularity, but saw that there was nothing to do but to oblige them. I sang again, choosing this time a Sunday-school hymn with

the title: "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." When I finished they crowded around me, asking if I was one of them "ere preachers?"

I replied by remarking that it was my endeavor to make drunkards sober, bad men good, and good men better. "Where do you do that?" cried a half dozen rough voices. I gave them a card, and they promised to come and see for themselves; they did, and three of them found a better life, became good and consistent Christians. Rather a profitable afternoon's work; and it occurred to me that here was a "new power" by which I might reach human hearts, a key by which I might throw open the rusty hinges of many a hardened and otherwise hopelessly closed life, a lever which I might put under many a smirched soul, and pry it from the mud, I resolved never to preach again without singing, and I never have, and often and often where words would have failed utterly, where men would have gone away from the profoundest sermon cursing, they have remained to weep and pray, swayed under the power of song that has gone sweeping, and sobbing through their souls. It is marvellous to witness

the effect it has on the human heart, a vast audience being oftentimes played upon at will like an organ under the skilled hand of its master. I do wish people knew the power of song and would use it more. Home w uld be happier if it were more songful. Life would be brighter, sorrow would have less drag to it, care less weight, hope more promise, and the heart more gleams. Sing!

The church would be more united and less contentious; the devil can't stand singing. Scandal would not have so glib a tongue, nor so many tongues to set a wagging. There wouldn't be so many backsliders, and there would be many more conversions; religion would look brighter, and have sweeter message for men, if good people were better singers. If you can't pray in meeting, sing, both in meeting and out of meeting. If you can't talk religion, sing it. If you can't sing, make a joyful noise, and though awkward and discordant to human ears the angels will put the chord and symphony into it ere it strikes against the throne, and the refluent wave will bring blessing and gladness and joy to your own life and to many a one beside. Sing, for

song is the natural expression of happy feelings, and happiness increases by expression; and while we cannot but say that if there were more happiness there would be more singing, we will say that if there is more singing there will be more happiness. Sunshine may be a matter of outside origin, but open the windows and it will come in. And all hearty generous natures do sing. The brawny Scotchman in his plaid makes the glens and moor and forest resound with his happy songs. The Swiss mountaineer shouts his greeting to the sun from mountain peak and stormy crest. The rugged fisherman has his song to which his rocking boat beats time. So let us sing, sing till the breast grows big with love and strong with the far-away better hope. Sing through affliction and disappointment as well as joy. Sing in trouble and sing out of it. Sing in high and low note, sweet and sad note. Sing through life, and through the dark valley, and so shall we be ready to join in the "grand and final chorus," where the singing is as "the sound of many waters." Then Sing!

III.

"How to reach the Masses."

AMONGST philanthropists, social reformers, and all good people, who have had their attention directed towards this subject, the great vexed question, unsolved as yet, and by some held to be an unsolvable one, is, "How can we effectively and successfully reach the degraded classes of our large cities and towns?" For these classes congregate and settle to the bottom of society by their own gravity, and make our cities the sore places of our modern civilization, extending the bloody ichor of shame and sin continually, and now and again breaking out in "an epidemic of crime," said to be a "social phenomenon" of this century. I believe unhesitatingly in the infallible power of the Gospel to reach and save the most abandoned; but I believe as well that common sense in its way of presentation is also desirable. We must approach men

from their standpoint and on their level as the Master did, if we would work with that thorough effectiveness which the sinner's problem demands. In other words, we must study personal condition.

In the special classes before us, poverty, with all its privations, is the bane; the depraved classes live depraved lives; they live *low down*, and are but a few removes from the brute; they are best approached on that side of their nature which is quick and alive—the animal side. They are hungry. Feed them; then the way to their head and heart is clear. The surest way to their hearts is down their throats. There's a bread-and-butter way of salvation, in fact, there's a deal of religion in a cup of coffee smoking hot, a bowl of soup, or an old coat.

At least my own observation has taught me that in considering this social problem we should not leave this gastronomic treatment out of the question.

There's wonderful power in a full stomach both as a preparation and a stimulant. Reference to our own experience will prove how absolutely at peace we are with all the

world, how genial and benevolent we feel when there is no vacuum in the stomachic region for "nature to abhor."

I have seen a sermon with but one head and a very solid text, with no point but satisfaction, do more than the most ornate and brilliant discourse that the master mind of the age could produce. That sermon was a loaf of bread. Those five loaves and two fishes under the Saviour's hand accomplished more for men than the whole love and glory of the Jewish Church and priesthood. It is safe to imitate Him, I think, and as well from the nature of the case, it seems to me to be sacrilegious to talk religion to a man—a theme profitable, the contemplation of which requires a clear head and the best outward conditions—at whose vitals hunger is gnawing, and whose brain is crazed with want. What these people need is fewer sermons of the kind the cast-iron reform would cram down their throats, and more bread-and-meat preaching. I think I know whereof I speak. I have demonstrated its efficacy, and, as a success, it beats mere doctrinal theology. In December of '72 I put this plan in operation, commencing midnight

suppers for the hungry and abandoned, and to give it a fair trial I got the hardest cases I could find. This was in New York.

The way I reached them was the following:

I got some cards announcing the strange fact that there was something good to eat, and free to everybody, in the following way:—

"Come to the supper, for 'yet there is room,' at Kit Burns' Rat Pit, Water Street."

Taking these with me I would start on my rounds about eleven o'clock at night; and diving down into the lowest dens I could find, I would distribute these invitations, telling them to go right away and get a good place before the crowd got there, and I would be along soon.

It was the work of but a short time to gather a crowd of one or two hundred around the supper-table, whereon was a plentiful supply of coffee, soup, meat and bread of the best quality, and they were invited to go right in and eat all they wanted.

It was with a bewildered air and many a strange glance at the attending ladies, myself, and one another that they would fall to work and eat, wondering what it all meant, and

how it would end; and they would eat and eat until they had what they called a "square meal," and some required an enormous amount of "filling in" to reach that result.

What a medley we would have! Most of the men came intoxicated, and were absolutely the worst men that New York could produce.

What hard hearts were there; what great brutal passions they carried; what sullen countenances and shifting downcast eyes, never looking straight at you, yet always on you, seeing everything you did, and oftentimes in their strange quick mode of communication telegraphing to each other their thoughts and observations without ever speaking a word or making a gesture you could read, so alert had crime made them, so quick and silent, so watchful and communicative. Men whose consciences were dead, but ears were as quick as a greyhound's; whose inner eye was all darkness, but whose visual organ was piercing as an eagle's.

They seemed to think and act less as human beings do, and more as the beasts of the forest do. Their human faculties seemed numb and dormant, and their animal instincts were trained, alert, and vigorous.

The police would stand and watch the dark troop glide into the mission, and as they saw the many really dangerous characters congregating, they often became concerned for my safety, and the captain of the precinct would send me a note warning me that my life was in danger, and begging me to accept the services of two or three officers, which I respectfully declined. It was safer to trust them. There is always something in a human being that responds to trust, that, once stirred, the latent honour, stabbed by many a sore thrust and wounded unto death, scabbed and seamed by many a crime, it may be, but a central and sound point exists, which, if touched, kindly rouses and responds, and *can be trusted*. It is fatal to doubt it. At least I felt that perfect faith would do wonders with these who were always doubted, and always dogged, and often touched by the harsh hand of the law. It was a new experience to them to be trusted—to feel that they were not under a suspicious surveillance, and the nature God made nobly responded. It was wonderful to see how they would throw off their cat-like caution, and open out under friendly glances.

I never had any trouble, and never felt any fear. I made them feel that I came among them as a *friend*, not as a religious policeman, but as a sympathetic man, who could and would make large allowance for their faults and sins in spite of what men might say, they met me firmly in return, and I was never in much danger. I never had much trouble, no outbreaking demonstration but once, and that was not against myself. Once two men were disposed to fight, because of what one of them thought to be an unequal distribution of the rations, one having a larger bowl than the other; and the one having the smaller was disposed to forcibly right the injustice. Being a large man, he thought there should be mathematical equality in the apportionment of food; the large man, getting the lesser quantity, and being a stranger to our ways, thought it was all he was to have, so he would make the most of it, and so, when the little man's attention was turned away, by a well-timed diversion, he exchanged bowls, to which the little man objected on principle, "Honour among thieves," you know, and the result was —the favourite one, of course—arbitration by

force, or the adjustment of rights by the logic of blows.

I had always reasoned that there was more safety in a crowd of this kind than in a select number, and so I used every effort to get one on each occasion, and then pack them closely. I now saw the advantage of the system, a man must have room to fight in; they had not room to use their arms, and it's dull work to fight by the process of squeeze, and very tiresome besides; there was great alarm occasioned by the altercation, though they did not injure each other much before I got between them, and asked them, with a forcible shake and a stern voice: "if this was the way they were trying to show their gratitude to me, and if they wanted to injure their best friend?" I could see by the indignant glances about me that even their depraved companions were disgusted with such actions.

They hung their heads and seemed thoroughly ashamed of themselves; and the big man sobbed out: "I was hungry, sir, and seeing that this little man had the most soup, I went for it." It was an honest confession, and showed how, by education in wrong, the

first impulse of these men is, that somebody else having better than they, is somehow an injury done to them, and will right it by force; I readily saw that it is on this principle they lift their hands against society, in an effort to gain possession of some share of their neighbour's property, which, they imagine, ought to have been theirs, but out of which they have been defrauded by some defective social distribution which they will right. In a few words I explained the wrong he had done; that there was no need for violence, that being both unnecessary and cowardly. He expressed great sorrow for his offence; and I had no more trouble after that; and I cannot but think that it is the correction of kind, plain words that these men need, more than the more forcible and oftentimes cruel agents of club, cell, and labour. Somebody must find the way to their hearts, and through that to their heads and consciences. We did in this and many instances by going *via* the throat.

I had no other instance of unruly action during the two winters in which we gave midnight suppers; but we did not stop here, the supper was but preliminary to something else.

After supper the tables would be cleared; then we would invite them to remain and hear a song, and we would sing to them in the very best way we knew; and, when they would give tokens of being moved, then we would tell them of a strange way to live—every ear would be opened, the neck stretched. Then we asked them if they would like to know how to live for two worlds at once; all who would might remain, and the doorkeeper would let the others go out; but they never left, the supper satisfied them, the song fastened them, and the truth enlightened and often saved them.

They would put their heads together, and whisper: "Jack, we needn't stay if we don't like; let's hear what he be driving at; they didn't want to get us here to drink a drop of soup, and slush us with a hogshead of preechin', for we can go if we want to. A feller what can make such good slush must have something to say worth hearin';" and so they would stay, and we never kept them long.

We could always reach them then; and scores have been brought to a better life by

what they called our "long feedin' and short preechin'." And if I were asked what would help the army of the good and faithful, the large-hearted hosts who are striving to reach the *low down*, I should say:

Pay better attention to the 'Commissary Department;' go with practical kindness and large sympathy; go looking for something good beneath the festering *debris* of crime and sin that has accumulated through years of unblighted sympathy, and that separation which vice and crime always enforce, until they are cut off, and become the refuse of society. You must go TO THEM, and get AT THEM, if you would reach them; and it is most certainly our intention, as soon as practicable, to test this plan in the slums and neglected corners of Nottingham during the coming winter. If in, imitation of the Spirit of the Master, we looked oftener upon men with the large eye of love that He opened upon them, and say, as He said, 'High society condemns, and all men condemn thee; I do not condemn thee,' we should take more jewels from the mud than I fear we are now doing, and the Redeemer would have a brighter crown.

IV.

"The Old Story with Variations."

WANT is a great persuader, and bestows the gift of eloquence with a pathos there is no resisting. Want is usually the child of dissoluteness and improvidence. The laws of social thrift and prudence are so well formulated, so surrounded with safeguards, so energetic and unerring, that usually it falls out to be true that if they are observed, they bestow comfort, plenty, and satisfaction.

It is only in violation of all the laws of industry and provision; it is only by the sheerest neglect and indolence, or by the wildest prodigality, in which the opportunities and substance of life are wasted in lethargic indolence, or riotous living, that the certain and abundant supplies are not gathered or wasted in gathering, that the provision of life fails and want comes.

There is plenty of light, but you must open the shutters to have it burst upon you and

illumine your darkness with day. There are plenty of flowers; they blossom on every roadside, and spangle every meadow—sweet stars of the green under firmament; but you must go where they are, where they bloom, observe their times and localities, if you would inhale their fragrance and be charmed by their beauty, and the same is true in regard to life's want. There is plenty; the Being who studs the heavens with the grand constellations, and floods the mighty vault above with the burnished sunbeams that are brighter than the diamonds of the coronet, or the blaze of earth's brightest human splendour, is not less provident and beneficent in the lowest realms where life and sensation are. His benefactions *abound, and they are free, but we must go where they are.* If we neglect or waste, we suffer.

A few years ago a man came to the 'Mission' door; his words were few and eloquent; gaunt hollow want stared from his eyes and echoed in his tones, pinched, bony want couched on his face, and peered from his attenuated and shrunken frame.

His first words were: "For God's sake, give me bread!" I knew this man was hungry,

for his words were brief and sharp. When a man is hungry he says so straight out, and when you show him bread he bolts it straight down, not waiting to ask if it is fresh or buttered, home-made or baker's, light or heavy, he's empty and anything he can get *he fills in.*

Our new-comer was hungry; the thermometer was at zero, the man's teeth chattered as he spoke. He was tall and gaunt, being nearly six feet in height, beard and hair tangled and matted, dishevelled garments, face bloated, eyes blood-shot and fierce-looking. His coat was pinned up close to his chin, a very suggestive sign; a token that he does not trouble the laundress—he has nothing to trouble her with. It was easy to see that this victim had seen better days. Underneath all this ruin there were tokens abounding of better days and happier circumstances. I asked him to be seated by the stove, his thin alpaca coat but poorly shielding him from the cold; he did so, while I went to see what the cook had got to give to a hungry man. We brought back meat, bread, potatoes, and scalding hot coffee. I told him to fall to and get a square meal; he needed no urging. He began to tell me

his story as voraciously as he was eating. I stopped him. He looked at me strangely. I told him I wanted him to eat now and talk after, and he would do both better; he took the hint and went into the food I brought, or rather it went *into him*. It rattled down his throat like a ton of coal into a coal shute. I have forgotten whether whisky *widens* the throat or *hardens* it.

At any rate it seemed to have copper-coated this one, for he took the boiling coffee from my hand, and without once taking it from his lips, drank it down, and a second, and a third, until five bowls disappeared into those capacious depths, and he ate in proportion. He ate enough for six men, and seemed to grow on my hands. I noticed when he first sat down, he looked and acted like a frozen man, pinched and drawn together in frame and feature; he huddled down by the stove, bent and drawn together, with hands on knees, and chin in his breast; he looked *freezingly cold*. It made me feel chilly to look at him.

But after these piping hot bowls of coffee had been engulfed, and his stomach transformed into one of those immense Fulton

Market coffee tureens, and the warming influence *outside* struck through the thin walls of flesh and met the warming influence *inside*, he began to *thaw* and spread out—throwing himself back in the chair and sprawling his feet out on the floor, until his limbs were straight, he looked as comfortable as one of the old Knickerbocker governors after an old-time dinner at Astor House. The colour of his life began to come back, and he appeared fourteen pounds heavier. Then I asked him for his history. It was a sad tale.

Once he was respectable, honoured and influential. He had been tenderly reared, finely educated, set out in life with glowing prospects. He had been a captain of police in one of our largest cities, which is equal in this country to a superintendent of police, but fast living, dissolute associations, the increasing appetite for stimulants and love for rum, became the great bane of his life, and into that whirling vortex he was drawn, and his manhood went down, down, into the terrible depths of degradation and despair.

The old story with variations—variations that have a desperate and mournful sameness

about them after all. From that day this man led a new life. Gastric treatment saved him. Do something practical if you want to succeed.

V.

"Lock that Door."

THE following thrilling incident came under my own notice, and was attended with so much real peril as to impress it on my memory for ever.

During my work as missionary of the fourth Ward, New York, I heard of a dangerous character, who kept a low drinking place, familiarly known by the dissolute classes as a "Bucket Shop." A few words will explain what that term means. It takes its name from the character of the vile stuff dealt out to its customers for drink, ten cents purchasing a larger quantity than a glass would hold, so the customers must take a pail or vessel called a bucket; as well as from the additional fact, that it is the favourite resort of thieves, murderers, burglars, pugilists, drunkards, gamblers, bummers, and women of the worst repute. The proprietor of this place was a

most depraved and desperate man, bearing the euphonious title of "Darby Kelly," and he was a terror to all who knew him, even the most hardened dreading the power of his heavy hand and fierce temper.

It was said that he could never be approached on the subject of religion by missionary or minister without peril to their lives.

Darby had been the terror of many battles in the "Prize Ring," and was always ready to take a hand in a rough-and-tumble.

I thought, here is an interesting character, and I further resolved that he should hear the Gospel, and be brought to realize the awfulness of his condition. So I determined to visit this notorious sinner. I spoke of my intentions to several of my friends, and they sought most earnestly to dissuade me from my purpose to visit this place of death; but there was a spice of excitement in the risky encounter that fascinated me, and when the opportunity came for executing my purpose off I went. A few steps brought me to the deadly place. I entered the dark den in a careless way—I mean unministerially—and my eyes rested on the most motley crowd I

ever saw; hair matted, eyes blood-shot, cheeks bloated, lips leared, and hands already crimsoned with human blood, men that you never see by day, who skulk in the shadow of the night, whose favorite arguments were slung-shot, knife and pistol, and whose prayers were horrid oaths, ready, like bloodhounds struggling in the leashes of the day, to spring forth and do any new deed of blood under cover of darkness. After saluting them with a kindly "How are you, boys," I gave to each a card with my name attached, on which was printed the meetings held at "Mission Home," better known as "Kit Burns' Rat Pit."

Strangely enough, they nearly all read the card, which consumed but little time, and while this was being done I was looking about me to discover which was Darby, wondering what he was like, when a man arose whose air plainly indicated that he was the lion there, and with a hoarse voice growled out rather than spoke these words:

"Look hyar, young feller, I'd like to see this Fred Bell."

I replied:

"Come to the meeting to-night and you shall. I'll introduce him to you." He said he wouldn't go to meeting.

"Fetch him down here, can't yer."

I said possibly I would, all the time wondering who this man was, and then I asked:

"Who shall I say desires to see him?"

"Oh, oh it's no matter," said he, "It's only old Darby Kelly what wants him."

Thinking it was time to make myself known to him, I offered him my hand as a token of friendliness and remarked:

"How do you do, Darby? I am Fred Bell."

He looked at me fiercely and with suspicion when I announced my name. I shall never forget that look, nor the fierce gleams that shot from the staring eyes of that dark throng.

He grasped my extended hand in his own, and pulled me roughly over to the further end of the room, and said in a gruff, authoritative voice to one of his comrades:

"*Billy, lock that door!*" Then thrusting his dirty hand into a side pocket and pulling out a "six-shooter," and placing it on the

counter with the air of one who meant no trifling, he said gruffly to me, sharply eyeing me from under his shaggy brows :

"Sit down along side o' me, young feller," and as I obeyed him, I confess that for the first time I felt a considerable degree of uneasiness.

I had no idea of what he meant to do, but I was soon made aware of what these strange proceedings signified, as he commenced to question me in a very direct and close way concerning certain sports, races, etc., which he well knew that I was thoroughly informed about if I were the person referred to. I had no idea that he had ever heard of my past life, but he had, and seemed determined that there should be no mistake about the matter. He speedily found from my prompt and accurate responses that there could be no deception, and he was soon perfectly satisfied that I was the man I represented myself to be. Then his countenance changed its fierce expression for one of satisfaction, and he roared out :

"Billy, *unlock* that door!" Replacing his pistol in his pocket, he shook hands with me in a friendly and approving manner, drew off

at a distance from me and surveying me from head to foot with a patronizing and, what was meant to be a genial expression on his hideous face, he complimented me on my improved appearance, and said:

"It's all right, fellers," and saluted me with this rather unique and original speech:

"I declare, Fred, panning out on religion must be a good thing, for you look like a little gentleman."

I saw I had my man, and answered:

"Why, certainly it is, or else I wouldn't have it."

Some more conversation ensued. I had reached his heart by a frank and manly approach, and then invited him to come to my meetings, which he promised to do, and responded by asking me to call and see him just when I liked. He did not visit me, but I soon found an opportunity to call and see him again, and at length earnestly called his attention to the life he was leading; showed him there was a better way, and got his promise that he would abandon his vicious career and reform, and try to become a Christian.

He sold out his "gin mill," earnestly sought a better life, but he was so far off, and meeting with so much opposition and ridicule from his companions, he soon abandoned all efforts to regain his manhood, sank into a condition of despondency, returned to his cup with greater excess than before, and in a few weeks died the most horrible death that any man can experience, beating out his life in the wild delirium of drunken frenzy in one of the cells of the New York Tombs (Prison).

Alas! a door is now *locked* upon *him* that will never open more. Would that the fearful risk I ran to pull a brother from the flames had been more successful.

VI.

"Tramps."

THERE are distinctive features which are special properties of the species they are meant to distinguish, marked by definitely prescribed lines of separation.

Plants belong to their own spheres, animals to theirs, and men to theirs. Besides the general differences which make them each to be distinct of their kinds, there are special differences which make separate orders in the kinds. There are learned men and wise men, and a wise man need not be necessarily a learned man, well versed in technical knowledge, and so *vice versa*. There are as well, distinct degrees of the same kind, which mark a difference.

It is so all through the ranks of mankind. There are men high and low in grade. There are men more distinctly marked by distinct differences of taste, association, habit, etc.,

and one of the most marked of all classes is a genuine tramp.

He is a more significant individual than upon first sight he is imagined to be. It has been my lot to have been called into contact with tramps, by the hundreds, and they are the property of no exclusive class. They belong to all orders, and strangely enough I have found remnants of the most marked ability and promise amongst them. Many whose prospects for success in this life were once good. Others who were well educated and in possession of a fair amount of ambition, and could have risen to eminence in some useful calling, had they properly directed their powers.

One great secret of many failures in life to mount to anything useful and honourable; one chief reason for the prostitution of fine capabilities to ignoble and degraded pursuits, lies not in the essential wickedness of the diposition of those who so sin, but in that they *were badly started*. They got a vicious bent, and didn't get righted again until they were set in the wrong; then the chances for ever being righted are very few to a great many.

Tramps, as a rule, hate work, which sentiment is a common and marked repulsion with the class. The deprivation of position, of books, of association, of all that makes refined and prosperous life a charm and a bounty, if they do not work, has no influence with them. They love these things, mourn their absence, but yet will not work.

The prospect of starvation—about one of the strongest inducements—for no man loves to starve, or can long endure it, has no inducement for them—they will not work. The prospects of their ever becoming reformed, are the remotest of any class—their self-respect is dead. There is no standing ground for appeal, influence, or stimulus of any kind. They incline to be moderately honest—that is, they would rather be fed as a charity, than be compelled to forage on society for their subsistence. But subsistence they must have—they will have. So they will take what is "another man's" every time they get a chance. All they want is sufficient to eat. Their wants are very simple—a little bread and meat, some cheap beer, and some bad tobacco, and their stock-in-trade is complete.

Next to their constitutional aversion to work, which is the most deep-seated of all their aversions, they have a great horror of falling into the hands of the police; they will, in all probability, be sent to the workhouse, and made to work for what they eat.

They are the greatest cowards on earth; they rarely ever quarrel. It is *too much like work*.

Let me give you an incident of their pluck:

A few winters ago, when the snow was upon the ground, I sat at my window in Water Street. I saw about a dozen of these individuals amusing themselves by snowballing *single* pedestrians, as they passed. They were sure not to have more than one upon their hands at a time; presently a decrepit and aged man came by. I thought surely this man's grey hairs and advanced age would protect him, and deferring to them with the natural reverence felt in every human heart, not totally depraved, for those whom care silvers and time wears down, he would be allowed to pass unmolested; but no! Just the kind of game they like to hunt. It was splendid prey for them—they would have no

retaliation to meet with or check them. Pell-mell went the snowballs, confusing and hurting the old man sorely. Breathless and pale, he begged to be let alone, but his prayers were answered and ended by a snowball hitting him in the mouth, and staggering him with its force. I could stand it no longer; so I put on my coat and hat, and determined to pass them, and see if they would serve me in the same way they had the others. I knew most of them by sight, and I suppose they all knew me. When I got nearly opposite to them, I noticed a new interest among them, and they appeared to give the balls they were preparing an extra squeeze. I pretended not to be looking.

I saw them nudging one another, and one would say—what I interpreted out of their actions to be—"Now, now is the time." I thought I had my eyes open, but in this was mistaken; for a snowball came and hit me squarely in the ear. I felt somewhat enraged. I rushed over to them and asked excitedly: "Who threw that ball? I'll give five dollars," I said "to find out the man." They all grinned at me, and one asked: "Mr. Bell, what would

yer do ?" But they swaggered and baffled me, and were like worthless curs who were too cowardly to attack an enemy or their prey alone, but in a drove are brave enough and almost fierce. So they swaggered until they saw I meant business, when they began to sneak off. They were afraid of work. Don't be a tramp. The preventative is—live a life with work in it.

VII.

"You Can't Sing Again."

IN going my midnight rounds strange things would fall under my observation.

The world by day is ONE world; the same world by night is *another* world.

The same people, scenes and actions are not found. The scene altogether changes, like some fairy transformation scene; only elfins, hobgobling—awful malicious, lustful fiends—change the scenes and shift the pieces. The light is not of heaven, but of hell, that sets on fire the passions, that makes rage, jealousy, hate, envy and murder flame in human hearts; making a seething cauldron into which men and women fall bodily and are consumed.

There are thousands of places in New York that seem to be ventholes to perdition, through which the waves of woe and doom swell and surge up, and catch men before their time;

into which men pour the contributions of their own wickedness, continually filling up perdition's channels with fresh acquisitions and newer inventions of sin.

The most profitable recruiting stations for the dark army of hell are the dance-houses—the pauper bagnois of the slums—down to which goes, eventually, the delicate, dainty, pampered mistress of the rich libertine, to become a coarse, bloated, diseased and common thing; and, as well, the *roue* and pimp, to become a disgusting bloat, ripening for the pine coffin and Potter's Field, usually before forty years are reached.

Mine eyes have rested on all stages of the awful decline.

There are almost infinite degrees in number and distance between the first shrinking, shamed step into sin and the last apathetic stage of despair and the paralysis of sin, when the core and soul seem eaten out of them, and they are just waiting to be *claimed* and taken possession of.

These sights used to quicken me to many efforts towards the reform of such wretches before it was *too late*.

So I used to go around at midnight, visiting these dance-houses; singing, talking—trying to pull some out of ruin.

In my rounds, one night, I came to a den in which I had been singing about twice a week for nearly a year. It had grown to be a familiar place to me. Everything was in full blaze as usual, the place was crowded, the girls with their companions were having a "regular old time Irish jig."

I walked up to the bar, spoke to the boss, who always received me with more than ordinary kindness. He welcomed me as usual; I had a friendly chat with him; then turned around and stood leaning against the bar, and watched the dancers as though interested, really waiting for them to get through, so I could gain their attention and throw the white cloud of a calm, chaste song over their fierce, lewd orgies.

As I watched, a strange, motley scene presented itself to my eye; mature age was there, scarred, streaked, seamed all over with sin. Youth was there, but already brazen with shame and lust. Oh! the horrible exhibition! Sex was forgotten in the mad

riot, jollity drove away care, glee quenched pain, the brain was on fire with rum; all reserve was thrown off, they had no characters to save, no one to fear, no restraint they respected, shame was not known there, drapery and concealment at a discount; and so they rioted on, till my cheeks burned and my heart grew heavy and painful.

The time came when they must stop and drink, pauses which are conveniently arranged with an eye to business at the bar; and so they sat down and called for their favourite potions, and while drinking and resting, I remarked to the proprietor:

"It's my turn now, John," meaning, as had been my custom, to sing one of my Gospel Songs, which always sounded so strangely down there in that mad, sad, bad spot.

Like the chirping of a cricket on the winter's hearth, that told the sad tale of summer past and harvest ended, and death soon to come in some gray morning, with the fire out and the frost victor. Or like the death-wail of the unsuccoured, as the ship goes down in mid-ocean, under the pitiless stars.

Just as I was clearing my throat to sing, John said, with considerable embarrassment:

"Mr. Bell, excuse me, but you can't sing here to-night."

I wondered what was the matter, though I half suspected what it was. But I replied, before giving him time to say more:

"Why, John, if you do not desire me to sing, of course I shall not do so."

"But," said he, "allow me to explain."

"Oh, no matter," said I.

"Yes, sir, I must tell you why you can't sing here again; because I wouldn't treat yer bad, and it's a matter of business, yer know."

I told him not to trouble, and yet I was really desirous to know why it was I could not sing; but I did not wish to let him see that I was at all concerned, so I allowed him to go on and explain.

"Well," said he, "Mr. Bell, you have been coming around here singing for about a year."

"That's so," said I, indifferently.

"Well, I like to hear you sing."

"Do you?" I interjected.

"Yaas, and so do the gals."

"Indeed?" I responded.

"And the customers," he went on, "but somehow after you leave we don't do no

business worth a cent; the gals git the blues, and are so down-hearted, and squats in the corners and cries, and then the customers goes home, and business is all broken up for the night; and I have such a peculiar feeling as I don't know what ails me; the place gets so dark and gloomy, and the lights look so queer, and this yer bar smells so like hell, that I am all unfixed; and I don't know what it is but your singing. I don't know what else it is, for since you've been coming business has fell off half, and we always has these queer things after you be gone, that I conclude 'tis your singing what does it, and so yer can't sing again; but don't be offended, Mr. Bell, it's business yer know. Come round and see us, always glad for that. BUT NO, SIR; YER CAN'T SING AGIN."

What was I to do but to accept the situation, bow as graceful an assent as possible and retire, having his earnest tones ringing in my ears: "It makes the place so dark and gloomy that yer can't sing here again."

It was no use to remonstrate, he had decided. It was THIS world against the OTHER, and *this world won*, and that ended it. For argument

is void to these folks, it's at *once* or *never* with them. If you don't *instantly* touch them so that they are yours, you've failed and that ends it. Leave instantly, for further efforts only irritate and provoke assault. He had resolved to shut me off; it was the pocket against the heart, gain against the moral sense, *and money won*, and that ended it. That night, all of heaven and hope many of those poor wretches had ever known, faded out of sight to them, when against his better promptings, this greedy devil-led sinner closed the door against them in those now pathetic and no doubt, tragic words, "You can't sing here again."

VIII.

"How a tall Young Man mistook his Calling."

IT is surprising to see how many mistakes are made concerning the kind of work men are fitted or not fitted to do.

I suppose that every man has his place, and if there were laws of infallible assignment, much of the confusion and pain, and many of the ludicrous mistakes of daily life, arising out of the right ones getting into the wrong places, would be avoided.

Adaptation is the most requisite and yet the scarcest element of every day life, and as you advance from matter to mind, the need and the lack of this important element becomes more apparent. This will be more clear if I narrate a very dramatic and amusing incident which occurred during my mission work in New York. The work becoming so hard it was proposed to secure me an assistant. A *good* young man came, remained a few weeks, and

through over zeal got himself stabbed, and not coveting a martyr's crown, prudently retired from a calling for which he lacked adaptation.

Another applicant for the position presented himself. Of him we write. He told me with impressive phrase how desirous he was of entering upon mission work, how his heart burned to save the fallen, and restore the marred image of the Creator, etc., etc. He informed me that he had just completed his theological course—as though that were a commendation. I suppose he thought so, and that confused theories of profound doctrinal assault, accompanied now and then with a cannonade of Greek roots and Latin phrases, with a continuous fusilade of scriptural texts on the "Fall of Adam," and the "Total Depravity" argument, would prove an irresistible and overwhelming mode of treatment for the fallen and abandoned. He little knew, but I did, that he might as well have crammed hot porridge down their throats for their salvation, and with as certain success, as he could hope to reach and affect men and women by such a remarkable course, to whom such things were as strange and incomprehensible

as a philological treatise on the Otahitie language.

My first sight of the man created the impression, "My friend, you won't do." The young student was too ministerial in appearance, get up, and bearing, by far. He was dressed in the regulation black of the craft, and as one just budding into ministerial bloom, in the blackest of black; a vest hooked up to the throat—it ought to have gone above his ears —a straight coat, that followed grimly in the path of the vest, a stand-up collar encircled a thin throat, giving the impression that the head used it as a support, resting its ears on its edges, and a white boiled rag resting placidly on the top of his coat in front, completed the uniform of this theological aspirant. He was all collar, coat, tie and gloom. He would have made an impressive corpse for a first-class funeral, and he was on the road to fulfill the suggestion, for these things are very objectionable in such work. They are too professional; they make one too conspicuous, and that is just what should be avoided; hunting such game successfully demands skill.

If you go into the woods to shoot partridges, it does not require that you go hallooing "Here comes a gun." It won't facilitate success; though the game don't understand you, yet the noise warns them, and they find safe and distant covert. So, in treating these abandoned ones, you must not go saying in any way "Here comes a minister." They would sooner see Lucifer himself. One other peculiar disability about the man—one, indeed, over which he had no control, still, no less objectionable—was that he was very tall, being over six feet. There is a physical connection between virtue and loftiness in the minds of these people. Virtue lives in high places, too high for them to reach—and a tall minister is virtue on stilts, and they despise and hate what is above them.

I was troubled at the application, and gravely asked him if he was sure that he was adapted for the work.

He assured me that he was, and was burning to begin.

I engaged him. He was prompt, that pleased me, and with some hopefulness we set out together.

He was dressed as I have described, only more so.

A few steps brought us to a sailor's boarding house. Descending—for if you visit the worst you have always to *go down*—we entered a basement filled with the hardest class of these men.

I left my long friend in this room to begin work, while I went through to an inner room filled with sailors also.

I was engaged in giving them a general invitation to our meeting, etc., when I was startled by hearing a great uproar coming from the room in which I had *stood up* the *young* student.

Fearing that my long friend was in trouble, I rushed back, just in time to see him go up the basement steps in two strides. It was one of the finest gymnastic performances I have ever witnessed, while just near the door stood a little man, not more than five feet tall, squaring and dancing around in a perfect blaze of rage, and shouting out, in great excitement:

"Fetch him down here! fetch him down here!"

After slapping him on the back several times

to get his attention, I asked him what the trouble was.

He responded:

"That long!——*Fetch* him down here; I'll show *him* the way."

After a moment's pause through sheer exhaustion, he said:

"Look here, Mr. Bell, you tell us if we wants ter go ter hell, we can go."

"Certainly," I said.

"And if we wants ter go ter heaven, we can go."

"That's so," I replied.

"But that long John told me if I didn't take his tracts, I'd go to hell anyhow, and so I went for him. That's what's the matter."

I soon calmed him down and explained matters, and then left, considerably concerned for my friend, for I did not know but that he was injured.

I found him standing against a wall around the corner, considerably whiter than his tie, and with a discouraged and frightened expression on his face, indicative of much mental agitation and alarm.

I told him that he would have to use more

judgment, requested him to put his tracts in his pocket and follow me, observe my mode of approach and imitate it, and walked on, thinking that he was following. On looking back I discerned that he was still standing against the wall.

I went back and asked him why he did not come on, reminding him of how he demonstrated his love and fitness for this work, and remarking that it was no time now to draw back.

He made no reply for a while, and finally, with a long drawn sigh, long even for such a tall man, looking at me blankly and pitifully, he said with an emphasis beyond the power of language to express:

"*I think I'll go home.*"

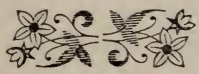
The poetry was all taken out of him. He was a disgusted man. He was willing to find his work and glory in some other sphere, and he left tracks of a different kind than those which he had provided; the heels were towards this field. He was not fitted for so low a place. It required a training and a knowledge no books could give, a certain skill of approach to the heart of these beings, to whom authority

and argument and sanctity are as abhorrent and exasperating as a long life of vice and shame can make them, and to whom men must come with the tokens of sympathy and genuine, honest kindness, if they will come successfully or even safely.

There are a great many, like our tall friend, who utterly mistake their calling. There's many a man making sermons who had better be making shoes, or writing books who had better be hoeing corn; many who have brains and culture enough, but who lack judgment or adaptation, and who, sooner or later, will imitate our long friend's example and go out of their ill-chosen calling in two strides—those of defeat and chagrin.

How grand and beautiful it is to see men high or humble, finding their appropriate places and remaining in them, work therein contentedly, bravely, faithfully till the end.

Certainly more would avoid the risk if not of a broken head, at least of a broken heart, if they would more wisely choose their station in life.



IX.

"A Fast Young Man."

WE often hear the phrase, "A short life and a merry one." It sounds pretty. There's dash in it, and hints of thrill and excessive enjoyment, but IT'S A VERY EXPENSIVE ONE. I do not now mean merely in a pecuniary point of view, although when you come to count the cost, it is so in this way too.

It costs more, by all odds, to go to perdition "second class," than the other way "first class," and have all the luxuries thrown in. A man will spend in a night's dissipation more than would be necessary to insure him a year's religious privileges in the average fine comfortable church in our large city or town.

But, in addition to all this, it is expensive in bodily vigor wasted, brain-force blunted and dissipated, manhood discounted at a tremendous interest, the heart made sick, sad and degraded, the life cursed, and the

future blighted. The man of the "merry life" don't live out half his days. He don't have the best kind of mirth even during the half-time allowance he is put on. Take out the time spent in sleep, in aching awakings after a carousal, in regrets, remorse, and self-accusations, and how much of the life is left to be merry, and what kind of mirth is it? Mirth with pangs in it, mirth with an undertone of apprehension in it, mirth soon withered, mirth casting long shadows before and behind it. *How exceedingly merry it must be.* It is a farce of two parts, opening like a comedy, ending with a tragedy.

Often during my midnight visits in the slums of New York I had seen a young man who attracted my attention. He looked like one who had seen better days. (You can always trace the refined relics of a better life in fallen men and women. Human character is like soft clay in the beginning; education is the potter, giving it form, beautiful or rude; habit hardens it, and when clay or character be once set, it retains shape.) This young man had been well wrought. I saw it, though we never exchanged a word. One night, when

leaving a mission in one of the lower wards of the city, I found him asleep on some whisky barrels. While I paused a moment, wondering whether I should not arouse him, speak to him, take him with me if he would go, and care for him and try to save him, and thinking how it was best to approach him, in came the proprietor of the place.

Of all men I have met, this man was one of the greatest brutes—he was brutal in looks, he was brutal in action—he had a brute's voice and paw.

After going behind the bar and taking a drink of his own vile liquor, he wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, and turning around, saw the young man asleep.

With a terrible expression of brutality upon his face and the most horrid oaths upon his lips, he half staggered, half ran to where he lay, and taking him by the coat, he roughly dragged him to his feet, and actually kicked him out into the street.

What cared he? He had got his money, and he cared no more for the ruined, besotted man, than a child for the orange peel after the orange was gone. Oh, how this made my

fingers tingle! I wanted to yell out savagely: "Wretch! Brute! Take that, and that, and that!" until he was whipped, and pounded into submission. It would have been a means of grace to me, but it would have been impolitic. My influence would have been ruined.

In about two minutes I followed, hoping to find the poor fellow, and take care of him. I searched thoroughly for him, *but he was gone.* I did not find him.

I got to my room at 3 a.m., and went to bed, but not to sleep. I was too much roused for that. At seven o'clock in the morning, the police sent for me to come to the station-house and see a man they had taken in some time during the night. I went and looked upon the blanched corpse of this man. He was quiet enough now, and was not refused shelter, and he cared little whether it was the icy pavement or the stone floor of the station-house. He felt not and feared not—he was dead! I learned his history, which was, in substance, as follows:

He was a young man, well reared, of a good family in one of the country towns. He went to New York city with a few thousand dollars

in his pocket, to see life. He saw life in all its grades downward, and brought up in this vile den, from whence he was kicked to freeze in the chill night.

It was A SHORT LIFE, but NOT A MERRY ONE. It never is true that mirth is light-hearted enjoyment; the short life gives sobbed care. It gilds pain up and calls that mirth. That kind of mirth is *a short life and a lost one.*

X.

"A Motley Crowd."

IT has been my lot to preach to all kinds of people, from the aristocrats of the English village, with their venerable and proud traditions, and love of caste, to the bloated, ragged paupers of the slums, with plenty of traditions and pride, too, of their kind, and with as much love and admiration for them, and as keen a jealousy of their infringement as the proud patrician for his patent of nobility or distinctions of pure blood and family respectability. I have sometimes wondered which were the most interesting as I have looked over them, master and madam flouncing in with flutter and superiority, or Jim and Judy creeping in as the cat and tiger do after a full meal off their prey. I have talked to the convicts of the prison, and to convicts out of prison; to Magdalenes and Lots; to men and women who could not read a word, and hardly

understand one, except the plainest slowly spoken and distinctly enunciated; beings with bodies of men and women, but with intellects of children; perception dulled, blurted; memory all gone, forgetting what you said a minute before, though you specially asked them to remember it; looking at you through blood-shot eyes and out of stolid faces, and sometimes with wonder and blankness, asking as facial movements can, "What does it all mean?"

Ah, I have had the strangest audiences any two human eyes ever looked on. Looming up dark, hopeless, crazed in the perspective like a grouping from perdition—living sepulchres, in which lay buried festering conscience, clear-eyed faith, honor, maiden innocence and manly virtue, dead!

Such a one, only darker and more desperate than any words of mine can ever paint, rises in the memory now while I write. It was at the close of one of my services in the Fourth Ward, New York, that a man stepped up to me, and asked, as he extended his hand, if I would have any objections to visit him. I replied "Certainly not, where do you live?"

He gave me the number. It was in Baxter Street. There may be a great many bad Streets in New York, London, Paris, and other cities, but there is only one Baxter Street in the world—the original one, where "total depravity" is a fact; no one will dispute it. If there is a door opening downward into perdition, it is Baxter Street.

I was invited to Baxter Street. The next day I went. I found the number, had to climb a rickety pair of stairs, which at every step creaked fearfully. When I reached the top an open door ushured me into the dirtiest and lowest drinking-saloon I ever had seen. My friend of the day before was there. After a few preliminary observations, he came to the business in hand. He proposed to me a service in his place, asked me what I thought of coming down to preach to his customers. He had heard of my singing in all sorts of dens, and he remarked that he did not object to my preaching there if I would sing.

I took the hint; it is their way of inviting one.

They never come straight at you; they hint and allude, and propose an assent; it is yours to understand and accept.

So I did.

I fixed on a night, and I was on hand, and I found the most remarkable combination I ever witnessed together—men and women, black and white, large and small; I suspect every nation in the world was represented there; a congress of crimes, a council of villainy, a convention of shame, and woe, and sin. How their eyes glistened, and their faces lighted and moved with surprise; they had got a victim; my suit of clothes would furnish them drink for a whole night, and in their debauch the crime would have been forgotten; and if I had happened to have lost my way in there, by chance, my life would not have been worth a moment's purchase, and my clothes would be sold to the pawnbroker ere my body had grown cold. But the boss knew me, and I was safe, and he said in a voice well understood:

"Come boys drink up, and not another drop till the gentlemen gets through."

They obeyed without demurring.

He told them I was going to hold church there, and he would act as usher; and he did effectively, too, bringing in broken chairs,

boxes and boards, improvising seats, arranging the people, straightening one up with a cuff, another with a jerk, another with a twist, shaking a warning fist to a group, walking the "ladies" up to the front, and soon getting things to rights.

There was better order and quiet there than ever before; they were as still as though dead—drunk.

I must say after they got seated, a more orderly and attentive congregation I seldom had. I sang to them, and you may be sure I did my best, and I could see the latent human nature, so barnacled and weed-covered, mossed and gray in sin, begin to show many signs of life.

Some listened as though carried on the wings of the song away back over the devious path they had come, to the cradle of their childhood, and they acted as though they heard once more the long-hushed lullaby of childhood; others looked dazed; they had never heard a hymn before, and knew not what it meant.

The suppressed breathing, the heaving breasts of the women, and the averted faces

of the men, told of better feelings, long dead, stirred once more to life, and gave the hope that they, even in their degredation, were not yet finally and utterly lost.

I talked to them as I think my Master would have done, and their friendly glances showed interest and appreciation, and many a dark spot was washed fainter with tears.

They listened eagerly to the end, seemed loth to have me finish, asked for another song, and made me promise to come again.

I repeated the services, and had no lack of listeners. They filled the room, thronged the entry and stairway, and I never had to complain of inattention or annoyance. They didn't get sleepy or restless; they had not been church-goers long enough for that; and many a kind word I got for my pains.

It resulted in the boss giving up the business, and his leading a better life; and it may be, by-and-by, some sheaves, even from that dark field, may be counted when the rest are gathered.

XI.

A Desperate Gang.

THERE are thousands of dangerous and villainous places in New York, which carry on their nefarious practices right under the eye of the law and in the face of society, many of which are known and winked at by those who have the public welfare in keeping, many of which are unknown, so skilfully do they work. New York is rotted by certain sorts of human vermin that infest its dark places, who live by preying on human prosperity, womanly virtue, and human souls. Oh, the dark, shameful things that night frowns sadly upon, and the dark places of the day hide from human eyes. Oh, the sad muffled groans smothered by rough hands, and dark noisome dens under the sidewalks; in the back cellars; up the noisome stenchful alleyways. Oh, the shameful injustice, the robbery, violence and crime, perpetrated by brutal

fiendish beings in the form of men; the number of which is lost to man, and which makes one feel relieved when he knows there is an "Eye" that sees, and a rectoral justice that marks; and, so exact is the record, that groan for groan, and shame for shame shall be the tare.

Righteous justice is the grandest invention ever discovered.

Perhaps my readers think I speak too strongly.

Wait and you shall see.

In a well-known den in New York, which was known to the professionals as a "Fence," that is, a place where stolen goods are received, was a gang of fourteen of the most desperate criminals that ever stretched a rope or rode in a prison van.

They were so depraved that they had a sort of clan or confederacy, and the number was never increased while I knew them; whether they could not find a fifteenth so bad as themselves that they could not promote him to membership in their band, or whether they had such fearful secrets that they dared not share them with another is not known; at any

rate, the terrible bonds of fearful crime held them firmly together, and *seemed* to keep out all others, so that the number was never increased.

They were the banditti of the ward; noted desperadoes every one of them, murderers, burglars, and thieves of the baser sort.

Their mode of operation was peculiar, interesting, and forcible, while it was oftentimes attended with the most ferocious displays and shocking brutalities.

They kept a drinking place level with the walk.

The bar was furnished with the usual vile stuff they call rum, the most savage sense-stealing spirit they could find, that which would the soonest craze or stupify their victim.

It was a dark, forbidding hole, and no stranger would think of entering unless solicited.

They had a dingy back room fitted up with the usual equipments for gambling; even the club, pistol, knife, brass knuckles, and trap door leading to the sewer, were not wanting.

Two or three of the wretches would always be on the alert for customers, and would

parade the sidewalk like the Jew on Catherine Street, watching for their victims; these would usually be sailors, they were the safest game they could hunt, they had usually no friends to institute search for them, or make disagreeable inquiries at the police station if they were missing.

Along comes a sailor. "Say, Jack, how are you? Why, I've not seen you for an age." Jack would be astonished, perhaps rather pleased, at meeting some one who knew him. "Come and take a drink," would be the next salute; if Jack assented all would be very genial, he would soon be made recklessly drunk, taken into the back room, and fleeced, and turned out penniless, *if he didn't remonstrate.*

If Jack was cautious, or resisted, if rum couldn't stupify him, he would be beaten insensible, robbed, and *thrown out* after dark. Luckily for him if it were *no worse.* I soon came to know of their devilish practice, and it made my whole soul mad.

I burned with indignation, and resolved somehow to spoil their game. I cudgelled my brains to discover how they might be *made* to know that the avenger was on their

track, and that it was dangerous to their welfare, and perilous to their liberty to longer continue, publicly, at least, their horrible brutalities. It was an exceedingly dangerous thing to interfere with those hardened wretches.

My life was of no more value in their eyes than a rat's life in the sewer; however, I ached to shield poor, bruised and bleeding humanity, and I resolved *to do something soon.*

Passing one day, I stopped, and looked into their noisome lurking place. I saw on the walls cheap prints of noted pugilists. The picture of Tom Sayers hung nearest the door. I looked as if interested, and remarked to the one behind the bar: "Tom was a good man." I meant, of course, in the ring. I went on, and continued my criticisms on one and another of the pugilists until I got him interested. He dropped his habitual scowl and rough look of intimidation, and replied sociably; and I saw that I had won his attention, and that *my* chance had come to say something, and I meant to say it, so I remarked offhandily. "Say, who's Boss here?" A man stepped forward, a most hideous, ferocious, beastly-looking pirate, indeed; they call him

Butch. For any marks of mercy I had as soon meet a lion of the jungle. He *was* a wild beast, a panther in human form—a man —no it would be a libel on manhood to speak of that crime-bespotted murder-bloated brute as a man, he was a semi-civilized gorilla. His restless, ever shifting glaring eyes, his nervously-working, clutching fingers giving the impression one has when looking at the ever moving panther in the cage, wildly, softly vaulting, only waiting to get out, to find a victim. Victims would be had, *opportunity* was all that was wanting.

Oh, the disgusting brute! I could have seen him hanged with the same feelings that I could see a mad dog shot. I was introduced to him as the chief. I told him I had something to say to him, he threw himself into a listening attitude. I said I had been so shocked at their cruelties, that I should stand it no longer, that it opposed me in my work, and that I hadn't come to tell him that I was going to drive him out of this place, which I could do, and which he knew I could; but he would go somewhere else. No, I called to tell him of the horrible brutalities I had witnessed, and

that they would *have* to stop. If he continued them, it would have to be under cover, that I would no longer stand the savage, cowardly exhibitions, remarking, "If I go for your gang, Butch, it will go hard with you." He knew me well enough to know that I wouldn't risk my life foolishly; he supposed I had proof enough to damn his whole gang, and that to murder me would be only to precipitate the vengeance the sooner, and so he promised if I only had what he supposed, they would have received a different call, I know.

The terrible treatment never occurred again. I knew I had gained my point. Their chief reliance in business was their public solicitation, and I had struck a blow at the vitals of their iniquitous trade. They saw they were trapped, but dared not break faith with me, and those whom they imagined they feared stood with me. In less than two months their business dried up like a stagnant pond in a summer's drought, and they closed up; and that place was never opened again except for honest, legitimate business purposes.

It was like the dying out of a volcano. It was a volcano of hell. Its fiery lava ruined

many a poor soul. But God helped me to shut it up, and, though many more belch out fire, ashes, and smoke, into which the unwary go and are lost, I have the satisfaction of knowing that there is, at least, ONE PLACE LESS for the luring and destruction of man's precious manhood.

XII.

A Wrecked Life Restored.

THE door bell of the "Mission" rang so violently one morning as to startle everyone in the house, and gave token of the presence of one seeking admission who was very determined to get in.

Knocking or ringing for admission is oftentimes descriptive of occupation, and oftentimes, I have fancied, is indicative of character.

There is the bold ring, the strong ring, the quick, sharp ring, the timid ring, and the desperate ring, exponents of as many shades of character.

This was the desperate ring.

I answered the summons. The instant the door was opened a woman rushed in who both looked and acted as if she were fresh from a lunatic asylum, had conquered all the doctors, and was going for the ministers, for she asked for the missionary.

I scanned her closely; she appeared to be about thirty-five years old, tall, raven black hair hanging down her back in disorder, and with large piercing blue eyes. There was a look of refinement about her, together with traces of beauty, that told the sad tale of better days, and hinted of a once bright and happy life, for ever lost in the forfeits of sin.

She began to walk up and down the room, frantically wringing her hands, her features distorted with pain, and she was the picture of despair.

She repeated her request for the missionary.

I told her that I was he.

"No! No!" said she, "I want to see Fred Bell."

"I am the man," I replied..

"You?"

"Yes I am."

"No! No! I want Fred Bell, the reformed drunkard," she fairly screamed.

Feeling the blood rush to my face, I told her, with feelings of shame, that I was that man. Her piercing eyes searched me from head to foot and scanned closely my face, and she remarked that no trace of dissipation was

left in my appearance; and, assured that I was the one she sought, she sat down and gave me a sketch of her life, full of pathos and misery; a tale of lost love and lost hope; of a ruined home and blasted life; a story I shall never forget. She went to America when but a child of six, from France, with her parents, who were wealthy; she had been tenderly and expensively reared; all that love and wealth could do had their will with her. When she came to womanhood she had been well educated, and was pronounced thoroughly accomplished by competent masters. She could speak five different languages; and, to demonstrate the fact, she began to speak them for my benefit; but I stopped her, as I could not tell what she was talking about; indeed, it takes all my time to understand one language well; and, perhaps a masterly use of one, is better than a weak and bungling use of a dozen; for I have known the English to be so barbarously handled that it took a nimble one to understand what was going on. When I hear one of these "highfalutin" speakers, stalking about on "stilts," trying to strike fire out of the stars with their heads, I grow impatient,

and feel like stopping them with: "Say, tell us that in English.

But, to resume. She went on to say that, at eighteen years of age, she had ten thousand pounds in her personal right and at her own control; and shortly after, married a wealthy and intelligent gentleman. But the serpent crawled into her home; she loved wine, and indulged her appetite; indulgence led down to dissipation, and dissipation culminated in unbounded and shameful excess.

Her husband was not long in learning that his wife was a drunkard. He tried to reform her. Love appealed to her, and *she* tried. Her womanhood appealed to her, her happy position as the honoured wife of a noble and loving man, in a home of splendour and affluence, appealed to her. She struggled, resolved, fell; rose again, fought, tippled, and fell; until hope for her died, and love failed; and friends stood away from her; and she went down long relapses into sin, shame, ruin, and despair. Her husband procured a separation; and, without anything to restrain her, she went madly forward on the downward road.

In two years she had spent her all; trafficked her womanhood away for drink; went down into the slums of New York, running the scale of vice from the top to the bottom, with the rapid madness of unbridled, careering appetite; and had since lived a life of shame and excess.

The human in us will stand an awful amount of battering; and though jammed out of shape, distorted and perverted into almost a fiend, it holds on to its humanity with a tenacious grip through it all.

While stating her pitiful story, she sought to suppress her feelings, and spoke under intense excitement, which occasionally *would* break out into violence. But when she reached this part of her history, she suddenly leaped to her feet, and pulling at her hair, she tore around the room like a maniac.

I tried to calm her, but in vain; and I was very much afraid that I was going to be mastered by a woman. I have never been much in dread of men. If a man was as tall as an omnibus and weighed half as much (as much more as you choose; the more the better), I don't think I should frighten at him. But I always did feel timid about the

other sex; they make such a time about a thing, they are so awkward to handle, they are so uncertain in handling.

When a man is bettered, that is an end of it; but a woman is never settled till she is dead, or pleases; so that you never know what to do, or how, or whether it is not best to leave and do nothing. Besides, if you set them straight, you get no credit for it; it's a woman, and a woman is a nonesuch. She is like herself only, the only standard of comparison is herself—a woman is like a woman—that exhausts the subject. And I am afraid of her, unless I am acquainted with her, and then I prefer to be civil.

So, as I was much exercised on this occasion, I thought of helping her in her distress. So I said:

"Why, my good woman, you've never killed anybody, have you?"

With a shriek, and more contortions, she screamed:

"*Yes, yes*, I have—I have!"

And so instead of helping matters I made them worse, which made me feel more flurried and awkward than ever.

I sought to divert her mind till she became more calm, and then she added the following, to her already, painful tale :

"I had a baby boy, a sweet little fellow, and I loved him. He was a link to the past, and perhaps my only hope of restoring it. But I lost it, fool that I am—I flung it away. He was only fourteen months old the morning I arose and went down stairs to have my morning drink. I could not lie still ; drink hunger drove me out. So leaving the boy in his miserable bed, I went down.

"I met an associate at the bar, and we drank with each other, and caroused. Time sped on, but I took no note of its flight. I was satisfying my appetite, and could attend to nothing else now. Eight, nine, ten hours went by. I never thought of my baby—in fact, I had forgotten it. No thought of anything had entered my mind for hours but the gratifying of that thirst for drink that burned so fiercely in me, and was so grateful when I gave it drink, and so quiet for a season, and then would rise up again so strongly and cry for more.

"I had never once thought of my boy.

There he had lain in neglect and hunger, and his mother was carousing down stairs. All in a moment I thought I heard a wailing cry, and I rushed up stairs to my child. It *was black in the face—dead*, sir, *dead!* It had cried itself into eternity, and I am its murderer!"

Oh, the suppressed horror, the fierce condemning look, that like dark thunderous clouds on the face of the sky swept over her face as she told the story. How wildly she looked around, as though she were at the judgment bar accusing herself and asking for doom as an expiation for her sin; and if to have gone through perdition would have brought back her boy, could she have found the gate she would have plunged in. Oh, it was awful. Decent grief may forget itself and grow violent, but it has its bounds. But here was one who long ago had torn down every control. Womanhood had left her; she had no fear or shame; pain had no threats for her, authority no voice she cared for. She was free, and the rioting of her grief unbridled and excessive; it partook of her whole life. It was no use attempting to stay that storm; it must sweep over, and would, until it had

exhausted itself; then only would come a calm.

Hers was a touching case. Like Eve, she had lost her Paradise, and had got so far from it now that she would never find her way back again. Why is it that woman's sin finds no charity? Society never forgives a woman, has no pity for a woman. It is pagan, it is mean, and Christian Society is little better.

It would be well for society to watch the Saviour as he stoops to write upon the ground with Magdalene, and the leering crowd of euphuists around him, and reading the writing there. I think it would be "*Man's regime is to hate sin and never to forgive the sinner; but I say unto you, go in peace and sin no more.*"

I pitied this poor, torn thing from my heart, and when she asked me anxiously if such a wretch as she could become better, I gladly told her the way to a better life, and how she could rebuild her future and make it pure and bright once more.

She eagerly caught my words, and they seemed like the opening of the jewelled gate of hope to her.

A light came into her face as though an

angel in passing had heard and flung a gleam of joy upon her, "returning from the wild."

And she did embrace a better life, and sought earnestly to live again in purity. And so she reached the shore.

It is strange voyaging some make of it, across dark and restless seas, like vessels wrecked in the tempest, torn in sails, and with masts gone. Men by one way and another drift into port. I suppose it's all right, but it's very painful. Yet the thing, after all, is *to get into port.*

XIII.

A Sketch for the Boys; or, "Determined to be a Sailor."

YOUTH is the set time for day dreams, poetic illusions, wild fancies, and bright hopes without number. I suppose there never was a youth who had any sort of a fancy at all, but had periodic fits of the great voyages of discovery he was *going* to make, the marvellous things he was going to do, making everybody gape with wonder, and then settle down into a commonplace fellow enough when he grows up, and chain his power to the prosaic routine of a business calling, doing the drudgery of his office in a commonplace contented way. Alas, for the fancies, harmless enough and very enjoyable, too, if the end is in this way; but they sometimes prove costly enough in a dear-bought experience they bring, very roughly dissipating the wild bright *fancy* with the rough stroke of the fierce-handed *reality*, as the incident I am about to narrate

will show. So, draw up, boys, and I will give you a leaf from my history that may serve you.

When fifteen years of age, I got tired of parental restraint, and wanted to be free and see a little of the great outside rolling world, which my fancy invested with all sorts of bright and entrancing delight, and without any just cause left my father's house for a life of adventure and discovery. I was going to follow the sea, visit the tropics, fetch up in the Indies, and after a great many thrilling adventures and noble exploits, I was going to find a diamond mine, or engage in vast and successful mercantile venture, make a tremendous fortune, come back rich as Crœsus, and put everybody I knew in a *palace*.

Of course, I ran away from home, I had to do that in order to GET AWAY, as well as to make THE RIGHT START.

My entire wardrobe, besides the clothes I had on was an extra shirt, pair of socks, and a collar wrapped up in a coloured pocket handkerchief; my whole capital in hard cash amounted to six shillings, but I had besides plenty of imagination, bright as golden sove-

reigns, and lots of roseate hope, and these were the rich seeds for a golden future.

In due time I reached Hull, the famous seaport, and all the way my delighted imagination revelled in the pictures of the sunny lands I was going to visit, and the marvellous things I would do. I was fairly enchanted with the prospects that lay before me, and in my glee I would not have exchanged positions with the Prince of Wales—not I.

I went down to the Wharfs. On my arrival I sought for a vessel among the many magnificent ships tied up to the docks.

I was very particular in my choice.

In fact, to have met the requisitions of my fancy there should have been some vessel equal to Cleopatra's barge, all decked out with streamers and gorgeous banners, silk and velvet couches, magnificent and opulent. But there *was not*.

Very few of the vessels came anywhere near to my standard, or seemed to be worthy to have me on board for a sailor. I found one at last which might do, and applied to the captain for a position.

She was a fine large clipper, about to sail to

India, and there of all other places I most desired to go; but to my amazement the captain was so stupid as not to see the chance he was losing by not adding me to his crew, and I left the cabin muttering, "you'll be sorry for this, old fellow, yet, see if you won't."

I applied to many others, going down the scale considerably as I went on, and to my mortification I learned that the captains of merchant vessels would not take boys without the consent of their parents. This I could not get, and did not want; it would have broken the charm. Besides, if my father had *wanted* me to go to sea, I should have WANTED to remain on shore with all my might.

A great deal discouraged, but not a bit changed in my purpose to be a sailor, I continued my search, and at last found a vessel and engaged for a voyage.

True it was not just what I wanted, but it was all I could get, so I had to be satisfied.

The noble craft was a fishing smack. The odour from her decks was not spice from Ceylon, nor aroma from India, but decidedly fishy. Her destination was not the sunny East, the noble and historic Orient, but

Holland—the Dutch coast.

Lucifer! what a fall. But I was in for it, and determined to put it through.

Soon we were out at sea. I soon found the water was very wet and horribly salt; there was a great difference between walking on the solid, steady street which was there every time you put your foot down, and the fantastic promenade and mixed jig my efforts to locomote on the reeling deck made me go through. It was very uncertain where you were going to fetch up when you started to go aft or larboard. When you put your foot down you were not sure whether the deck would not fly up and hit your nose, or you would plant your head in the cook's stomach, or against the bulwarks. And pretty soon there arose a great disturbance in my stomach, and I passed through all the horrors of that dreadful malady, sea sickness. I was of no use to anybody, and decidedly in my own way.

The crew enjoyed it immensely—more than I did. They suggested all sorts of nauseating remedies; tantalizing me about my weak stomach, played all sorts of jokes on me, till I didn't know which was the worst, to be sick

unto death at the stomach, or tormented to death by fellows who seemed to have no stomachs.

Then I was handled very roughly, the men cuffed me about and swore at me. If I was awkward in my duties, whack would come a rope's end, or a brawny hand; they knocked me down with a big fish, and made it very hard for me.

It soon took all the poetry out of me; and a great radical change came over my mind about the glories of the sea. It was not so very jolly to be a sailor boy after all, and I began to long for the end of the voyage and home.

One day when down in the hold, and feeling a little like myself, I ventured to sing a short ditty; I was heard by the skipper, who called me up and said—"Boy, can you sing?"

I told him that I could; he said—

"Sit down here and try," and I sang my best, and he was delighted, and so was I, for while I was singing I was not working; not that I wanted to shirk, but the vessel pitched so I couldn't do anything but be knocked about and thump myself *hard*. So I could

hold on and sing, and I was all right; he took me in the cabin, treated me kindly, and the rest of the voyage I had it a little pleasanter; but I shall never forget that voyage. I was never in bed, never undressed, never washed, nor combed my hair, never saw my face, and so changed in feature, complexion and voice, so grimed and blackened that when I reached home my own mother hardly knew me.

After a short voyage I came home thoroughly disgusted with the sea, and the cure has never worn out.

Boys, stay at home; father knows what is best for you; he's the kindest captain you'll ever find. Dream as much as you please, but don't try to make a reality of it; it is like chasing the sky and trying to touch the rainbow; they seem to rest on yonder hill; when you get there, they are farther off than ever. Fancy and fact are vastly different things; fancy draws pretty pictures, fact shows the hard reality; fancy says follow me, fact thumps your head and makes you wiser.

It won't hurt you to get a knock or two, but don't get yourself into such a fix that hard fact has it all his own way, and can most

unmercifully pommel you at leasure, but take warning from the experience of one who was determined to be a sailor.

XIV.

"Determined to be a Soldier."

I TOLD my readers in the preceding sketch of my determination to be a sailor, and you remember how I fared.

One would think that that experience would have been enough—that it would last; and so it did last for a long time.

A broken bone will re-knit, if you give it time enough, and the memory of the pain endured will gradually fade out of recollection; and it is so with almost everything else—and so it was with me. After a while I began to want to be stirring again—only I didn't want to stir seaward. I was content to remain ashore.

But to what field should I turn my ambition? I didn't like shopkeeping—that would be too monotonous.

Ha! I have it. I will be a soldier; and visions of blood and glory streamed through

my mind. I was all up again. Fleeting fancies of bravery and renown came in flocks, as swallows do, and went again when summer was gone.

I am so made that when an idea takes possession of me it has got to be worked out forthwith ; and, so, on the fifth of December, 1864, I left what was then my home, for Sheffield, the place of my birth, to enlist for a soldier. I should have liked to have been a colonel, or captain, or even a non-commissioned officer at the start. It would have been a deal pleasanter to have jumped up over the ranks into a commission, as being so much nearer to the accomplishment of the brilliant position I was going to attain in a few years. Somehow I liked to command rather than obey ; and I felt a leader in me, as big as Wellington, from the start—and a lead horse is almost useless as a wheeler.

But alas ! I had to commence in the ranks. I was already fascinated with the life of a soldier, or rather with his clothes, and with his style of life—jolly, rollicking, full of fun and pleasure—viewed from the *outside*. "Yes, that's my destiny." I would go for a soldier.

The moment I arrived at Sheffield I proceeded to execute my purpose. I wended my way to the barracks, and found quartered there the "Fifth Dragoon Guards," and two infantry regiments; but I spurned the idea of being a foot soldier. We called them "Gravel Smashers," and "Toe Pads," and lots of like complimentary names, and I didn't aspire to the honors of lugging about such titles, together with knapsack, blankets, and other accoutrements, and the idea of doing the glory on foot tired me to contemplate. No infantry for me, if you please.

I wanted a horse to ride; riding was all I then thought of; but I soon had other things to think of too.

I found my way to the quarters of the sergeant-major, and there I learned that the regiment was not recruiting, and that he would not enlist me. I was disappointed, but that only whetted up my purpose.

Now I *would* be a soldier.

I asked him if he could tell me where any cavalry regiments lay that were recruiting. He told me that in York the "Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars" were, and so I

resolved to go next morning. I stayed in Sheffield all night, and set the town to rights, and took the train next morning to York; went to the barracks, and offered myself to the Queen's service, and to—glory. I found no trouble in enlisting; the doctors pronounced me perfect in health and body, and I was metamorphosed into a soldier.

In a few days I had my clothes, got my bounty money, and with what money I already had, I was in possession of means enough for a regular good time in town.

I soon found friends among my comrades who were *very kind for a while*. They gave me the necessary military points, showed me how to clean sabre, saddle, and horse, yea, even cleaned them for me. I was charmed; yes, I had made a hit now, surely.

They even helped me spend my money.

We did the town up thoroughly, seeing all that was to be seen, driving through fun of one sort and another as furiously as though war was going on, and we were on a furlough, and must go back to fight. In a very little time my money was done, and so were they. It was astonishing how busy they soon were;

and I had my own horse to groom and equipments to keep bright, and drills to attend, and I soon began to see the other side of military glory.

It was very little glory, and a great deal of tiresome work, and I was in the "service" and couldn't shirk, and I began to think I had been a little rash, and had not bettered myself much. It was getting to be irksome, and I looked about for diversion. Soon I found it in attending the "free-and-easys" which abound where soldiers are stationed. I began to sing some of my comic songs, which pleased the boys, and made me a desirable acquisition to the proprietors, and I was soon a courted guest at these popular resorts, and quite a lion in the regiment; and so the flow commenced again, and I had plenty of companions and fun. And for a time the life of a British soldier suited me, as long as there was outside novelty and excitement enough to keep my active mind busy. I could get along with my drill and barrack duties well enough, for work was never hard to me. But I began to tire of it after awhile, and long for home and friends,

and a different sort of life.

Nearly two years went by. I had enlisted for twelve years, the usual term, and I had ten more to serve; but I had had enough of soldiering and glory, and I wanted to get out. In times of peace a discharge can be procured if you have friends and means; and so, through the kind entreaties of a loving mother, my father purchased my discharge, which I received the last of March, 1866; and I turned my back upon this field of fame, the visions all faded, the garlands unwoven, and the bells silent; no applauding hosts welcoming the victor, and another name crossed off that scroll where heroes find a record and a sort of paroxysmal praise in return for gaping wounds, the pained bivouacs of the cold and weary night-time, and the long, forced marches to early death and late-come fame.

I was content. Heroes can walk in other paths. Gold lace and epaulettes are not necessary to abiding honors, and elsewhere than on the ensanguined field can a good soldier fight a good fight, and gain a bright and enduring remembrance. Learn this lesson well—there are always two sides to every

calling, as there is to a chestnut; but that, unlike the chestnut, the truer side is not always outside; and perhaps it is wise to conclude that if the smooth side is outside, you are apt to find the rough, prickly, bare side inside; and, like the chestnut, the degree in which the rough side scratches and hurts, is in the exact measure to the way you take it.

XV.

Fair Play is a Jewel.

THIS is a sentiment held by all and practiced by most, except when occasion or exigency demand something else.

The lawyer says: "Fair play is a jewel," except when foul play will win a client's unjust cause. The minister says, "Fair play is a jewel," and straightway preaches a stolen sermon. The politician says it, and straightway flings the greasiest mud of the gutter on his opponent, and counts as many fraudulent votes against him as the poll-list can be made to bear. It is a splendid SENTIMENT, held by all, and practiced by all when INTIMATELY CONVENIENT, and yet very important as an adjunct to common life, as the following incident will show.

Shortly after I had SWITCHED OFF the devil's track, nearing one of those drinking-places where I had spent many a bright sovereign

for poor whisky, and got many a bad headache and sad hour thrown in to make up the measure; and when I came to a few yards of the place a man came reeling out and leaned against the wall for support in that peculiar unstrung condition which indicated that he was VERY TIRED. His manner attracted my attention, and I stopped for an instant to regard him, and while doing so, another man rushed out in the most excited manner, but was evidently not so TIRED as the first, for one was almost helplessly drunk, while the second was brutally, ferociously so.

He was evidently in search of the first man.

The moment he saw him, his eyes glared like a tiger's in search of his prey, and his face worked convulsively with passion, and dragging off his coat and with a low growl like the cry of a beast, he went for his man right and left.

The man that was attacked was too helplessly drunk to defend himself, the other breaking through his guard without any effort and punishing him in the most fearful manner, to which he was compelled to submit until he was cut in the most sickening way, and fell

unconsciously to the ground.

This was the work of less time than it has taken me to write it.

And while I was an eye-witness to this most unfair and brutal encounter, my fingers tingled and my blood boiled; and to cap the climax, the brute kicked his helpless victim on the head and face, and I could endure this no longer.

Forgetting my changed condition and boiling over with indignation, I stepped up to the fellow and said as calmly as possible:

"Look here, my man, 'Fair play is a jewel,' you know."

He asked me what I had to do with it. I told him nothing much, only it was not just fair to beat a man down and then beat him to death; and eyeing me from head to feet, he asked:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

I replied nobody in particular, and added:

"Don't strike that man again," and notified him if he did I would return the compliment.

He seemed anxious to receive the favour, and bestowed another savage kick upon the face of the unconscious man.

By this time several persons had gathered around the scene. Taking off my coat I requested some one to hold it, never thinking that I was in the least degree committing an impropriety, only meaning to teach the burly brute before me a lesson of fair play he would not be likely very soon to forget.

Several persons who knew me remonstrated with me, reminding me that I had given up that kind of business now; but there was the wretch just drawing his foot to once again bruise his unfairly treated opponent, and I yelled to him to look out for himself.

He merely smiled as I sprang upon him, for he was a large man, being what is called a navvy on one of the railroads—a man to do the heavy, labouring work, therefore size and strength was required; but he was slow in his movements, and that made up for the difference between his thirteen stones and my eleven.

I was on fire with indignation and had the helpless to defend from further maltreatment, and the right weighed just a thousand tons in my favour; he soon acted as though a hurricane had caught him up in its ragged teeth, and flung, and twisted, and torn him,

until he was pretty well thrashed, for in about five minutes he was almost as badly situated as the man he had so unfairly beaten.

The crowd had by this time notified the police. They came up just as I had got the job well done, and I had the fellow arrested, more to keep him from running across his victim again than for further punishment, for he had honestly got his pay.

The poor fellow on the ground was taken charge of by his friends who kindly cared for him, and when resuscitated he was informed of his defence by the quiet stranger, who had made his case so effectually his own, together with the particulars of the combat.

It touched his heart; feeling thankful for so signal an escape, and feeling that the hand of God was in it, he determined to reform, and he did, for which I was exceedingly grateful, feeling fully paid for the extremely unpleasant job I did for him as well as for the questionable position it had placed me in.

For my enemies immediately reported that I had fallen and gone back to my old pastimes again, stating that I had got in a drunken brawl, which ended in a disgraceful fight and

my arrest, for breaking the peace.

I did break the peace in the interest of peace and of my fellow-man. Must a man lose all sense of justice, nod quietly at all wrong and, "passing by on the other side," with priests and Levite, allow horrible injustice and steel-handed cruelty to go unrebuked, because, forsooth, he is trying the manly life?

Is it the style of character that meets the commendation of the many? Say, is it not rather the *unmanly* part to let bullying wrong go on to mar the Creator's image without hindrance, simply because a false or an effeminate sentimentality is afraid that some religious Mrs. Grundy will put up her hawk nose in the air and lifting her white hands to an orthodox altitude, lisp out like some modern Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" I should have been less than a dog if I hadn't. A good big Newfoundland dog will see "fair play," and certainly manhood should be a *little* above doghood.

Now, I am not contending for the fisticuff argument, but for the principle that underlies it; that sends every master mind in the world over on the side of the weak, to espouse

their cause; that inspires every splendid movement; that makes history flame with courage and prowess; that makes every man who has the crudest elements of manhood in him to seize the strong truncheon and *strike* for the right, and that selects the coward from the true man. For any man who will cower before wrong of any kind, because it has might on its side, is a coward, and there is too much of that temper abroad to-day.

Right has backbone, a quick eye and a stern purpose to take its stand and keep it, gaining more ground as it fights.

It's unpleasant; of course it is. It was to me. I shudder even now to think of it. Crude brute force is always shocking to the finer sentiments of our nature, and none feel it more than I; but what are we to do? Has brute cruelty to have no restraint but moral force and virtue, or weakness, no defence but the ten commandments? If men say no, then say I write them all stones, and let them be small enough to handle easily, and there are men enough to be found who will *put them* so they will prove effectual. But it cannot be that weakness, cowardice, senti-

mentality and a namby-pamby philosophy is the manhood of the better sort. So read I not the creed of manhood. Give me a man who can put the swaggering bully and the brutal ruffian where he belongs, in the gutter, and then knows how with tender hand to guide the trembling feet of childhood, or the tottering ones of age over the rough places, and away from the danger which has met its strong repulse. Of course, the truth came out about this matter at last, and all confessed that while it was not the most discreet thing to do, it was a very impressive way of teaching that coward that fair play is a jewel. What think you, reader ?

XVI.

"My First Fight."

VERY few men are found who come to any notice whatever, who have not been very much misjudged or misrepresented, and about whom the peoplė one way and another have not had some very false and mistaken ideas of their personal presence, character, possession or style of life.

If moderately rich, they are reported to be enormously wealthy; if once famed for mischief, they are reported to have been eminently wicked, etc. The "wickedest man in New York," was, probably, immensely overrated. There are a thousand men in jail who are very bad, no doubt, but there are ten thousand out of jail who ought to be in—who are a great deal worse in every particular. Much of a man's notoriety, especially if it be of the bad sort, is created out of the morbid sentiment of a community.

It comes from the fact that thousands of eyes are focused upon him, and he is put under the microscope, and magnified many times larger than he really is, until a fly becomes an elephant, and a dwarf a monster, and a very moderate man intellectually, a giant for genius and power.

Take the average professional man, catch up and photograph every word he says, give him the stimulus of applause, put him on his mettle, and it would be indeed wonderful if he did not say some good things. Take up his sayings and put them in favourable lights, sing praises to them through the land, chime upon chime, put him upon the pedestal, gaze on him, and blaze on him, make much of his every uttered thought and more of his every act, and you have the patented plan for the making of the average great man. Of course I am not speaking cynically, nor in a sweeping manner; there are great men who have achieved greatness. Shakespeare's definition of great men is as comprehensive as can be found, when he says: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust

upon them." The patented plan, modern and American, is of the last order—there are lots of second-rate men who have "greatness thrust upon them."

I desire not to be patented. Hence I wish to set some things straight that have been put crooked. The idea is prevalent that I am a converted "pugilist." Now, a converted pugilist is, I suppose, a better man than an unconverted one—but good as he may be, and much as the glory is that some people may attach to such a reputation, I decline this laurel wreath; permit me to say emphatically that this is a mistake—I am not. I never was. I never expect to be a pugilist. My tastes may be vitiated, or not of an appreciative kind; but, I think that if I had ever been one of the illustrious order, I should never refer to it. It seems to me so beastial and degraded a thing to do, to train as a profession for the express purpose of battering and defacing the image God has made, that I blush when I remember that I ever took a hand in fighting at all, under any circumstances, or any kind of provocation.

But the life of dissipation which I led until

I was twenty-three years of age often got me into trouble and in many a scrape. I had to fight in self-defence or stand for some companion imposed upon and bullied by some strong brute. I am ready to admit that boxing had a charm for me; and, being lithe, strong, and very quick, I was considered a fair boxer, one that under ordinary circumstances could hold my own against respectable odds. But fighting as a profession and pastime I never cared for; experience taught me that it was *bad for the eyes*, and that *sometimes* after a fight you cannot see to read the newspapers very well. But, like all other things of any moment, one thing can be said in its favour—*it is a very honest business; for, you get paid as you go along*. Like all boys I had lots of little scrambles, not worthy of a record, and helping to develop me somewhat in directions where repression would have been better. But at sixteen years of age, I had a regular fight with a lad, brought about by a little mutual misunderstanding.

My opponent was much older, larger, and heavier than myself, and physically nearly every way my superior. This was my first fight.

We agreed to settle it by the arbitration of the fists, so we sought a field on the outskirts of the town; several hundred companions went along to see the fun. They declared they were not disappointed, though I confess that I was never able to discover where the fun came in, for I got considerably the worst of the battle, though I won it; but, like some victories, the glory didn't atone for the cost.

I was the most sensitive of the two, and though my opponent got lots more of the drubbing than I, he didn't mind it half so much. He stood up and took it without wincing, or got up and went at it again, fresh and smiling. That was very discouraging to me; while, on the other hand, I felt most keenly every blow I got. A little of that treatment went a great way with me, and I felt like a man fighting against a mule who was not seriously incommoded with my attentions, while his return compliments were very much disconcerting me. And though I had already whipped him, and thoroughly, too, the stupid fellow didn't seem to know it, and kept coming up for more. It was wearing me out, so I felt like giving up, and had I done so, it

might have saved me from much I afterwards suffered.

Just at this point two gentlemen were passing, and seeing my delemma, called me to them between the rounds, put money in my hands and told me to keep up heart and go and win, which I could do; the fellow was already whipped and only needed finishing. This put heart into me. It had a wonderful effect on my spirits. My blows were better aimed and more skilful. I went in on him, crowned the fight, did quick, hard work, and beat my man. That victory was the germ of a long series of defeats, and the first of bad starts.

XVII.

"How I Lost a Race."

ATHLETIC sports are of very ancient origin. They were Grecian by birth, and were introduced into Rome by M. Tulirús at the close of the Ætolian war, 186 B. C.

They speedily became highly popular; and under the emperors their contests were admired by the nation to a degree bordering upon passion. They formed a distinct corporation by themselves; they are not to be confounded with the gladiatorial sports, which were often excessively cruel and inhuman.

It was a harmless and honorable pastime in which many of high birth and culture were engaged. Those engaging in them were called athletes (from Greek *athleo*, to contend), and it held the rank of an art. Even men of genius contended for the palm, not as a profession, but for the sake of exercise, just as at the present day we have gentlemen

cricketers, amateur oarsmen, etc. The profound and eloquent Plato appeared among the wrestlers in the Isthmian games at Corinth, and also in the Pythian games at Sicyon.

The meditative Pythagoras is said to have gained a prize at Elis, and instructed and trained others who did the same.

So great was the honor of an Olympian victor that his native city was regarded as ennobled by his success, and he himself considered sacred.

When he returned from the contests he entered the city through a special breach made in the walls, and with great civic honors, and was henceforth considered a public benefactor, sustained in magnificence while living, and buried with great public honors when dead.

So we see that physical vigor and physical feats have been in good company from the first, and have been patronized by the noble and wise and virtuous. In England they are made more of than in America. Some of the best gymnasts, cricketers, runners, and oars-

men the world has produced have been men of English birth. We inherit the Briton's vigor and the Saxon's temper; we inhabit a land peculiarly fitted for the encouragement of such sports. While many of the upper classes have the leisure for it, the poorer classes find their training for it in their daily occupation. So we, as a people, are peculiarly situated for favourable attention to robust, manly, vigorous pastimes; and though Americans have not given as much attention to these manly sports, and as they could not, as no young nation can, she is turning her attention to them more fully now than ever. Americans had a wild country to conquer; they had to wrestle with the Indians, the bear, the panther, and the wolf, and they have nobly conquered, giving evidence that when they shall turn their prowess to this field they will make their mark, as they have with the rifle at Dollymount and Creedmoor.

Being an Englishman, I inherited, together with a robust constitution and a wiry frame, a passion for "athletic sports," and I haven't contracted ministerial stiffness of back

and joints, or clerical starch enough to prevent my loving them still; and have won many prizes in running, jumping, cricketing, and swimming.

I desire to relate how I once *lost* a race. It has taught me a lesson that I shall never forget—one that is full of interest and instruction; and, as I think the reader will be affected in the same manner, I will narrate the circumstances.

It was in Chesterfield, noted for that celebrated church steeple, called the corkscrew spire, which is so ingeniously on the wind that on every side you look at it, you fancy it is going to fall on you. It is so old that it is not known whether it was built so or warped out of perpendicular after it was built, by the action of the weather on it.

It is a curious affair, built of wood and covered with lead, put on it in a special manner over fluting or volutes, that run up also in a *twisted* direction.

Whether warped by sun, struck by lightning, or preached out of true by the queer old sermons that used to be heard within, no one knows. A witty poet speaks of it thus:

"Whichever way you turn your eye,
It always seems to be awry;
Pray can you tell the reason why?—
The only reason known of right,
Is that the thing was *never* straight."

Well, it was in this historic old place that a race was to be run, for which I entered.

The distance was three hundred yards, over hurdles three feet four inches high, and two water jumps twelve feet wide, with a three-feet hedge on the near side of the water.

An exceedingly difficult race, the obstructions making it so of themselves, but also extremely difficult from the shortness of the distance to be run. One of a mile would be easier, giving you time for moderate increase, which regulates the breathing, and gives you a chance to gradually bring all your powers into play at the best advantage; but this one must be a quick, violent start, and the forth-putting of tremendous exertion, allowing of no gradual play or steady and easy increase; it must be a tremendous spurt, which but few can stand.

When the time came for a start, about thirty competitors toed the mark, and fine, clean-limbed, active-looking fellows they were, too.

A pistol-shot was to be the signal to start. Crack went the pistol, and off shot thirty men like arrows hurled from as many bows. We darted abreast, but didn't keep so long.

In the first hundred yards several came to grief, some, tripping over the hurdles, sprawled, out of wind and time, and went limping and chopfallen back, others jumped well, but didn't come down so well, or perhaps they imagined they came down *into* a well. At any rate they came down *too soon*, and, like young ducks, fell into the water, and went blowing and dripping to shore, taking an involuntary bath instead of the prize.

When 150 yards had been run over, to my suprise I found myself *first*, and I began to hope that I might win the race; straining every muscle, I urged on the course, but being out of condition for easy running it began to tell on me fearfully, for I was going at a tremendous pace, and I became very anxious to know if I should be able to hold out to reach the goal, and if it was not prudent for me to slacken and spare myself a little for the last spurt that might come, if I might safely do it.

And so I must know somehow how far I was ahead.

There was no use running faster than was necessary. I did not know how far the next best man was behind, for we were on turf and there was no sound; and the only way of judging was when one was near enough we could hear the heavy breathing induced by the tremendous exertions the runners were making. I knew there was no one very near me, for I should have heard them breathe, and so the temptation came to look behind and see.

It may not be known to all our readers that for a man to be running at the top of his speed that any motion that disturbs the nice equilibrium of the body, is invariably fatal to his chances of running, and especially disturbing is the motion and position necessary for the turning of the head; the head is the rudder, or like the front wheel of a velocipede, which, if suddenly turned, over you go.

I was now about fifty yards from the winning-post, and nearly exhausted. But had I kept on, looking straight ahead, I should have won easily; but I TURNED ROUND, and

found, to my surprise, the nearest man to me was fully TWENTY YARDS away.

But the fatal moment was on me; the turning of the head caused me to sway and reel and stagger like a drunken man. I went down heavily to sod, utterly exhausted, ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE WINNING-POST, and my opponent rushed on me a winner before I could gather myself for a start; and that is how I lost a race.

If you're doing anything worth doing, keep at it, put on all speed, and don't LOOK BACK. No matter what the inducements or temptations, *don't look back.*

Let the multitude thunder, and all competitors be distanced, but don't look back to see what is the matter.

Keep on, straight on. Look ahead, straight ahead. Strain every nerve, put on all steam, and win. The last step is as important as the first. A single misstep within a yard of the goal may lose the whole enterprise for you.

Anything which has been done that has made the world gleam or ring has been accomplished because the right man DIDN'T LOOK BACK, but carried the noble or masterly

effort, right up to the home mark, with a dash, and a nerve, and a will that meant it.

When the race is won, and the thing is done, then you'll have plenty of time to look back.

But first DO IT, or you may lose the race.

A Sketch for the Discouraged.

I.

"I'll be a Man yet."

WE come to some strange awakenings in this life. Times when the drift of our life is suddenly arrested, and when we begin to realize the circumstances of discomfort, disgrace, and degradation into which our recklessness, or foolhardiness has plunged us. The retrospect strangely stirs us, and we are ready to call ourselves all sorts of hard names, and vow all sorts of hard vows, alas! too often never performed, if kept. Very few of those who get down ever get up again. Very rarely do they who have made a complete shipwreck of reputation, health, and life itself, ever rise out of the ruins, and rebuild. The ruin is so complete that there is nothing left to rebuild with—nothing to build on. And in character, as well as in architecture, there has got to be foundations on which to plant

ourselves, and materials with which to reconstruct; and dissipation is not merely a letting down, not simply demolition, but it is *destruction*; a consumption, a burning up of the very substance of the character itself; a ruin, out of which no reconstruction usually comes; so that when one does right himself out of the depths it is like a resurrection; a new creation. Like one rising from the dead, it seemed to me when something stirred within and bade me live anew my life differently. I never shall forget the awakening, and the start, and the struggle, and the contending hope and despair that alternately strove and triumphed within. The light and darkness, striving for the mastery. It was in February, 1869, that the awakening came. I was on my way from Derby to Chesterfield. My money was gone, so I was riding on foot. I was a complete wreck, physically and morally, actually and prospectively, individually and relatively. My body was inflamed, degenerated and deformed; as far as bloat, want and exposure could disfigure it, it was disfigured. As far as appetite could enslave and besot, my whole manhood was in the toils. As far as the

present was concerned I was better dead than living, and hopelessly incapacitated for usefulness in the future; I was of no possible value to myself, or of use to others. Nobody cared anything for me, and I cared nothing for myself. Years of dissipation and sin had done their work on me and in me. I was living only for the pleasures of the debauch. I ceased to reckon time or estimate resources as other men did, and reckoned according to my own almanack, from one debauch to another, while life's sole aim was to secure the means of bringing them so near together that day and night, and change of seasons should come in quick succession, and by short and rapid changes. After a hard day's walking I reached Claycross, a village just outside of Chesterfield. In passing through its principle street I sat down on the curbstone to rest. I was strangely depressed, a feeling of mingled hopelessness and despair like a black cloud settled upon me. I buried my face in my hands and began to think; a realization of my condition began to force itself upon me. I began to see what I had brought myself to be; what a really

miserable, broken-down, and delapidated creature I had become. I began to soliloquize thus: "Well, here I am, Fred Bell, not a penny in my pocket, my once neat clothes worn out, shabby, ragged, and soiled. Not a friend in the world, not even friendly to myself, myself despising myself." I began to speculate on my probable appearance. "I must look like a superannuated beggar. I wonder if my friends would know me?" I looked down at my feet, *and I could see them* —high living and low, reveal the extremities. Shoes open at the joints and slit across the toes, both for the plethora of gout and the depletions of poverty. Swollen feet shrink the shoes, and so do weather, wear and time. I was wide awake at the vision. Then came crowding upon my crazed brain thoughts of home, out of which I had flung myself in my mad career; of my happy boyhood, from which I had got far enough now; of my affectionate parents, whom I had strangely and sadly tried; of a kind mother and loving sisters, of whom I had grown to be unworthy; of all the golden opportunities for culture, prosperity and usefulness I had allowed to

pass—nay, had flung scornfully away unimproved; I was well nigh distracted. I was like Adam in the wilderness, only, unlike my first father, I had gone out of my Eden of *my own choice*; I was like the prodigal son in the far country—only I had not even husks to feed me—bankrupt. And yet, instead of my hopeless degraded condition crushing me to the earth in prone and nerveless despair, it maddened me; I felt fury loose in me, and springing from my hard seat and grinding my teeth, and stamping my foot upon the ground, and clenching my hand, I fairly yelled: "I'll be a man yet!"

I started, refreshed with the strength of the new determination, on my journey. I had gone but a few rods when I saw a confectionery. It struck me that work was the first step backward to my lost manhood. I resolved to seek it. I walked in and asked to see the master. He came, looked at me in surprise. I asked him for a situation.

"What can you do?" he queried.

"Anything," I responded.

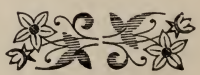
"What is you name?" he asked.

"Fred Bell," I replied.

"What! Is your father's name James?"

"It is."

It appears that he had known my father in former years—was acquainted with his position and the circumstances of his family, and must have been greatly shocked to see a son of his in such a condition. He became instantly interested in me, and after a long talk and much good advice from him, and many fervent promises on my part, an engagement was effected. He took me in and gave me a good dinner, which was a surprise to my stomach, gave me money to go home with and get my clothes mended, and otherwise put myself in a presentable condition, and return to him as soon as possible, that I might enter his employ and begin the working out of that future which lay unfulfilled as yet in that vow—"I'LL BE A MAN YET."



II.

THIS apparent interest taken in my welfare by the tradesman who had employed me, gave me strong reason to hope that the clouds were already clearing; that my skies would yet grow bright, and the fair promise come to flower and fruit, and I shall be able to cleanse away reproach from my name, and drive sorrow and dismay out of the hearts of those who had so ardently loved me, prayed, cared and hoped for me with such untiring assuiduity and faithfulness all through these wild and wanton years of mine.

I think, in view of what I am about to narrate, that it is due, both to my readers and myself, to prevent misunderstanding or harsh judgment, if I explain what my ideal of a man at that time was. It may seem crude and very imperfect to you, as it undoubtedly does to myself now; but it was the best I had *then*. It was something like the following:

I had no thought, nor hint of a thought, of moral or spiritual reform; the condition of my soul never once entered into my head. Indeed it did not occur to me that I had one. Hence I did not know that to meet the purpose I must become sober, steady, temperate of speech, and correct of life. I had no conception of God, eternity, the Ten Commandments, nor the "eleventh." Indeed, commandments of any kind had no force with me except a repelling one. If I ever came to one, it was to go over it and smash it, and I suppose the chief reason why I did a great many things which, in all probability, I should never have done, was solely because somebody or something said I must not. That was an excellent reason why I must, and would, and did.

The only thing that troubled me was my worldly estate; my degraded name; dilapidated clothing; my broken and prostrated health. I was proud, and to be shunned stung me. I was tasteful, and to be out of repair irritated and galled me. I was affectionate, though if I had been told I was, I should have scorned the imputation, and

cursed it as a baby's weakness—though now I know that love is woman's best charm, and the strong man's better thought, and so I missed the sympathy of wife and parents, relatives and friends.

It was my worldly standing and prospects, solely and only, that affected me so strongly.

It was a worldly reformation that I intended. I never felt, nor dreamed I felt, how deplorable a thing it was to be under the curse of God. I didn't imagine that God cared any more for me—what I was or did—than I did for him.

I felt bitterly about my being an outcast from society; about being shunned and spoken lightly of as a miserable wretch, and kept trace of, only because I might be found dead under some hedge in the morning after a mad night's debauch, or in the gutter with a hole in my head, with my features battered beyond all recognition in a brutal row. And nobody knows the desolate feeling one has who learns that he is an object of solicitation mainly for burial.

I cared much about my bodily appearance and worldly reputation—absolutely nothing about my soul, the state of my conscience,

and my standing before God. I hungered and thirsted for nourishing food, and the quiet and rest of home, and a regular life once more. I was tired and sick of the debauch and riot.

I would have jeered and laughed the offer to scorn if anyone had advised me to become religious. What a delusion! what a fatal spell! how far I was from the true conception! how far I would have to travel, how much I should have to suffer, and how often fail, before I would learn that the true manhood is of higher origin and of nobler aim than is found in mere secular prosperity and esteem.

Now you will better understand that I was honest in my purposes of reform, and was neither so fickle nor hypocritical as my subsequent actions, without this explanation, would give occasion for my readers to conceive.

When I got the money and started for home, what must I do but drink to the success of the new venture. So I called in at the first public-house I came to, and drank the health of my prospective employer, and to the success of the new departure.

It may not be known to all my readers that the drinking customs in America are vastly

different from those in England. There people drink as they do everything else, in a tremendous hurry, as if the whisky was scalding hot, and they wanted to get it down without burning; or intensely cold, and they feared to freeze the throat. The only advantage in favour of the American mode is that it kills off its victims quicker, and makes business better all round.

My English readers well know the custom here is to sit down and drink leisurely what you call for, hob-nob with your neighbour, if there be one at your table, and be happy over it.

The only persons in the house beside myself were two men playing dominoes for the drinks. I invited them to join me in a drink, which they did.

While so engaged, one of them, eyeing me sharply, ventured to suggest:

"A stranger here, sir?"

I replied:

"Yes," but continued: "I expect to be around here, as I have obtained employment at Mr.———'s, the baker."

Whereupon they both laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Why, you'll be a shouting Methodist, soon, my boy."

I was excessively annoyed at this, but turned it off by saying abruptly, and in a bantering tone:

"I would play any one a game of dominoes for glasses round."

For, several others had come into the room by this time. My challenge was accepted and we sat down; it was one of my favourite games, and I soon won what money they had and drinks which were put up behind the door. Not literally, as some know—better for every one if they did go up in a cascade and come down in the sand. It is the technical phrase which explains that as I had their money, they had to run a score for the drinks, which they called, "putting up behind the door," and this went on until the landlord said they had had enough, and it was time to shut up, when I left with considerable satisfaction, and, crazed with drink, to walk five miles that parted Chesterfield from Claycross, still feeling in every part of me the thrill of the new resolve, "I'll be a man yet." I had begun well. Alas! that I did not know then how strong the bands

of habits were, how easy it was to make strong resolves, nor yet how easy to go straightway from the new beginnings back again and again to the old ways, even feeling that to rise and fall, and face, and rise again is a necessary part of that mysterious and arduous style by which a man seeks relief and restoration, but I was determined to "be a man yet."

III.

HOW hard a matter it is to restore confidence when once wholly destroyed. A man may dissipate a fortune by luckless and extravagant ventures, or by wild and prodigal extravagance; and if the will is in him, and the opportunity is embraced, he may rebuild into a more generous affluence his prostrate and scattered means.

A man may enervate his system, and shatter and destroy his health, but so long as the core of his vital energies remains, he may, by care and due attention to the laws of health, restore to his body the old glow and vigour of a strong and healthy life. A man may even retrieve disastrous mistakes, and regain the lost confidence of his constituents, and fill worthily and ably the place of responsible trust from which he was once hissed and hurled. But how difficult to retrieve a lost esteem, to come back into loving confidence and favour with those whose every hope, and

thought, and trust, has been dashed and trampled till they lie like prairie flowers in the bison's track, torn and beaten into the ground by the ten thousand hoofs of passion, appetite, and mad indulgence, to abuse implicit confidence and prayer-eyed hope until, weary with watching, and blistered with tears, prayer grows dumb upon numbed lips, and blinded and deaf confidence lies like Lazarus wrapped for the sepulchre, swathed in bandages of grief and despair. It is like restoring the dead to life; or putting joy, full orbed and laughing, into sad and aching hearts. I *once* learned all this, and while I live it will endure sharp and clear in the memory. Perhaps it is one of those memories that has eternity for its destiny.

But to continue. I reached Chesterfield about six o'clock in the evening.

I was greatly tempted to call on some of my associates, and tell them of my intentions, which, of course, would have been fatal to my resolves. They would have been plucked from my heart, and torn into a thousand shreds, and whirled on the tempest of a new debauch, all the fiercer for its brief restraint, like thistle down on an autumnal gale.

Fortunately my circumstances conspired in my favour; my appearance was such that I was ashamed of being seen, and I resolved to wait until I had been put in better condition, and so I avoided public streets, and threaded my way by by-streets towards home. And then a strange desire seized me to see my parents and wife. I was burning with anxiety, too, to tell them of my future intentions. I imagined their joy and excitement, how happy and stirred they would be when they learned that Fred had righted himself, and was going to be something after all, and so I began to be in a great hurry. I must go faster than foot-travelling would carry me, and, having a little money, I took the train and reached home—or the town which contained my home—about eight o'clock in the evening.

I called first on my parents, as I had to pass their shop on my way; but, oh! how my heart sank at the reception. I was on fire with my new purpose and the grateful feelings of giving joy to those I loved. They were chilled with discouragement, and frozen with despair towards me, and I didn't have experience enough to know that it would take time

to infuse my hope and purpose into them. I learned that my mother was seriously ill, but I was not permitted to see her. I thought at the time that this was very hard, but I can see now that it was best, for my presence might have so seriously shocked her as to have resulted in her death. But I was hurt and angered at my reception, and was not in a mood to beg or parley, so I abruptly left the shop enraged, and went to the home of my wife.

As I came to the door, my heart misgave me.

Would she repel me, too? Had she lost heart and hope like the rest, and feel annoyed at my coming, and relieved at my going.

My heart failed me, and I had no courage to go in, so I had to resort to a rum shop and take several drinks before I could meet her face to face whom I had promised to love and cherish till death.

I had strangely kept that vow!

While I was drinking, some one ran and told her I was coming, so that prepared her somewhat for the meeting.

Having at last got my courage up to the

required point by the inflammation of the rum bottle, I started for home. I went round by the back door, avoiding the shop. I saw my wife through the window as I passed. I walked right into the house and sat down.

Presently my wife came in. She was evidently prepared for me, for when I made some commonplace remark, she rebuked me in a manner that completely staggered me.

Here was another repulse. I was startled, shamed, angered, surprised. I had never been met so before; but I had the good sense to know that I well deserved this treatment from both wife and parents.

Why should they treat me better? Had I not shamefully treated them? Had I cared for their feelings or wishes?

For several minutes neither of us spoke a word. I was nervous and uneasy.

I at last broke the silence by telling her I had got work, and was going to reform and be a man yet. I was sick of debauchery and idleness, I thoroughly loathed and despised myself for my dissipation, the sorrow and disgrace I had brought upon my dearest friends, and that I meant to restore my manhood and name, and afflict them no more.

And while I went on speaking of my intentions to work, to get an honest living, make a better provision for my family, and cease afflicting and shaming them by my wicked course, I could see a look of incredulity upon her face. I saw she did not believe me, and she told me so. It was no wonder; I could not blame her, she had so often been deceived. I had been starting so many times, and always to go deeper into wickedness. She had had hope blossom and die so often in her soul for me, that no wonder there was no room for more flowers; her heart was full of dead blossoms. I could not get mad at her. She was so patient even in her hopelessness, that I could but pity her. I pity her! I was her bane. I was permitted to remain, however.

I soon returned to ask that she would mend my clothes and get me ready for my new place, which I desired to enter as soon as possible.

But she declared that this was only a ruse to more cruelly deceive and disappoint her, and she refused to entertain any new hope that I was going to do any better than I had been doing. I could only go on and kill my-

self by my wicked ways, while a few more disappointments would kill her. I assured her solemnly and earnestly of the genuineness of my representations and intentions, and that their truthfulness would be established, as my employer had promised to write me before I came to work; yet she would not believe me. Little did I know what was in store for me in my crude and honourable efforts to be a man yet.

IV.

LONG waiting is painful work, and any waiting is when your heart is pained with distrust, no matter how well deserved, and you are waiting for time to vindicate the suspected purpose.

It was very hard work for me, as I was at home waiting anxiously the promised letter from my employer. By desperate efforts I managed to keep sober, and remained in the house, striving as best I could by kindness and attention and whatever services I could perform, to repay my wife's kindness on so many thousand occasions, and atone, so far as I could, for the great suffering I had cost her. No one can understand my condition, nor even approximate to an understanding of it, except those who have themselves passed through the same experience.

Of course I took occasional drinks—it would have been lunacy or perhaps death to have

instantly stopped the use of all stimulants. I had lived on it! It had been *food and drink* to me! I had become so used to it that the system would have broken down without it, until by care, nourishing food, and vigorous exercise, together with regular living, the natural stimulus had been provided to take its place.

Time passed on, and my anxiety grew apace; the waiting became oppressive; the mail was to be my vindicator—the silent but convincing proof that my representations were true.

Would it never come? Must I be compelled long to walk under the cloud of doubt and distrust?

It is a gloomy pilgrimage, like walking through broken spaces of gloom from one midnight to another.

Since my NEW LIFE began, so differently centred, so noble in perspective, and so generous in range, so different in impulse and effort, causing the past to appear full of growing horror and repugnance to me, and making me more willing, aye, anxious to die in its glad sunshine, rather than go back to

live with *no death* in the horror of the old life, I have learned that truth will always conquer, bearing its own way, blazing a wide path through the thick wilderness, cutting a broad road over inaccessible mountains, casting up a highway across the dead level and the yawning chasm, needing nothing to confirm its utterances, requiring only time, that rights all things, for it to vindicate its words. I have learned, too, the other side of the lesson, that a lie is always weak and decrepit. It is born old and heavy with curses, and breaks down in full career, and wicked men so often lie that when they speak the truth no one will or can believe them. This lack of confidence is very rasping; it always enrages a wicked man.

The story about my reform and purpose to work, and my engagement already for the carrying out of my better purpose, no one would believe on my own unsupported representations; they all wanted proof. I had spoken of a letter; they were waiting for it, hence my burning anxiety.

The coming of the postman would be like the coming of morning. I was in the night

time, a weary, pained, watcher, waiting for the herald of the new day.

At last *he came*.

He put in my trembling hand a letter.

With beating heart I eagerly scanned the postmark. It bore the Claycross stamp. My face lighted. Eagerly I tore open the envelope, glancing at my wife as I did it. I thought she looked a trifle happier. I said exultingly:

"Now we shall come to the truthfulness of what I have said."

I could see the sun already rising. Day would soon be here, and I would walk abroad, erect and happy in its shine and song.

I opened the folded sheet and began reading:

"Sir:—According to promise, I write you. I have taken occasion, since engaging you, to make enquiries concerning you, and, on ascertaining your real character, I am constrained to inform you that it is so desperate and wicked, that, notwithstanding our previous engagement, I cannot think of taking you into my service. Therefore, consider the engagement cancelled, and yourself at liberty. —Yours, etc."

I was dazed, stunned, and terribly shocked. My head began to whirl round. I reeled and groped like a blind man. I read it over slowly again. The letters danced before my eyes.

Then, for the first time in years, long years, the big tears coursed down my cheeks thick and fast. The letter fell through my fingers to the floor, my heart sank within me, cold and dead, and all seemed dark about me, and the future for ever blighted. The day that I thought was to break so joyously, came up a thicker, blacker night.

My very soul was crushed within me. I was bad, it was true. I knew that, but I was seeking to be better. I was down in the very morass of ruin and shame, but I wanted to get out. I thought that I felt solid ground beneath me, but the path sank under my feet, and I was struggling again in the mire.

Would no one throw me a rope, a plank, speak a word of cheer to me? Say, "I believe in you; struggle on, your release is at hand."

Without a word I lifted the letter, handed it to my wife, and motioned her to read. It might have been my death sentence. I really feared, at the time, that it was. She read it

with pained face, and then joined her tears with mine, weeping bitterly. Those tears maddened me. I snatched the letter from her hand and dashed it into the fire, and in utter despair I raved around the room, exclaiming:

"I am utterly undone! I am ruined! I care not what becomes of me now!"

My wife strove to calm me, reasoning with me as only a woman who loves knows how to do, telling me how sorry she was that she had doubted my word. She put her arms around my neck and pleaded with me to be calm, to retain my hope, to stand by my resolve, telling me, with a true woman's faith, "that all would yet be well; there were other places besides Claycross; the wide field of a better endeavour lay broadly before me.; I could be a man yet."

But I was inconsolable. I had received a cruel blow, and life looked dashed and bereft to me. The words of despair I had uttered, "I am undone," rang in my ears; they seemed to epitomise my despair, my blighted future and ruined present in one brief sentence, and I grew desperate and reckless. I tore myself away saying:

"I know where they WILL BE glad to have me!"

I knew where I was always welcomed, where the smile and the opening circle greeted and warmed me.

I would seek it! Leave the disappointment early, and forget care and trouble. *I* would go.

And so it became a grave question whether after all, "I would be a man yet."

V.

THERE are times and happenings when the last door of hope is shut and locked, and there seems as if there were nothing to be done but to go back in the old way and strive no more.

This letter crushed out every hope in my heart; it closed every door against me, and it began to look as though I had undertaken too great a task, and everything conspired to thwart and mock me.

What should I do now? Where go? Nobody cared for me, would help me, or had any hope for me. One wise judicious friend just at this point would have saved me a great deal of subsequent sorrow, and guided my unwise feet the sooner and more surely in the true path. As it was, however, the only thing that appeared to be left for me to do, was to go and join the army again. That was a sort of refuge; so, away I went with maddened brain, not stopping nor thinking of anyone or any-

thing, until I arrived at Sheffield Barracks, the headquarters of the "Fifth Dragoons," intending to enlist again for a soldier. Upon inquiry, I found the regiment was not recruiting, but the sergeant-major told me there was a vacancy or two, but the colonel was out hunting and could not be seen till morning.

He then invited me to the "canteen," which is an institution for the furnishing of general stores, clothing, provisions, and knick-knacks of all kinds to the soldiers, on sale or for money, including liquors. So we repaired to the canteen together, where we had several drinks, and where he tried hard to detain me for a few hours or until the next morning, the reason of which was, of course selfish, there being a commission paid to the one who could secure the enlistment of any man for a soldier; a commission, anyhow, for the enlistment; so he would get something, and a very good sum if the man passed the doctor and became a soldier. He therefore strove very hard to detain me, but a new whim possessed me, and I would not be detained. There seemed an irresistible drawing homewards, I could not rest. So I left, promising the sergeant-major

faithfully that I would return the next day, and enlist again for a soldier.

I reached home in the afternoon. When I walked into the house, my wife seemed a good deal surprised. It was something unusual for me to do under the circumstances. I would shoot off in a longer parabola, usually fetching some distance, and taking more time to return to the centre again. It was not like me, and she did not understand my quick return. She was still weeping and very sad, but spoke kindly to me. But I was feeling fearfully blue, my courage was all gone, my heart of hope was literally broken. I was down at zero; even the mercury would freeze soon; but yet, having taken several drinks, it gave me a kind of artificial boldness, so I commenced to sing a song; and, while thus engaged, a gentleman came to the back door.

I noticed him as he passed the window, and discovered that he had on a white tie, which I thought a sure sign that the wearer was a minister of the Gospel. I confess to a natural feeling of repugnance rising in my mind against the whole class. I hated to meet them, dreaded to be entangled in con-

versation with them. They had such a plain and forcible way of putting things to you, they would so quietly and unavoidably put you in a corner, and then say right out to your face, strange truths about your life and actions that you could not deny honestly, and that you dared not lie about with their calm, earnest eyes on you, seeming to read you through and through, and I didn't care to be so forcibly reminded of my wickedness. I knew that I was wicked, and I tried to bury the thought out of sight and out of mind, and it was an uneasy ghost to lay at the best. It needed no stirring to make it lively, and so I dreaded a minister, though I secretly revered and respected them. And yet, whenever I was spoken to by a minister in the way of reproof, admonition, or counsel, I would always listen respectfully and silently, and feel relieved when they had done.

I am here reminded of an illustration of this in an incident which occured about a year previous to the time of which I am writing.

It was on one bright Sunday morning, while the church bells were calling worshippers to the house of prayer, and all nature seemed

vocal with hymns of praise and melody. I was celebrating the Sabbath by having a jumping match just on the outskirts of the town where I lived, in the public highway. About a hundred low, wicked men were present, and I was in the full excitement of competition. Just as I was about to take a leap, I espied a minister with dignified mien, walking towards us, and I remarked: "Boys, here comes a 'tub thumper,' (a favourite name among the dissolute classes for a minister). I shall have to pull up till he passes. It won't be long."

As he came on, they began to indulge in slang expressions and rude remarks, intended, no doubt, to accelerate his ministerial pace, and get us the sooner rid of his rebuking presence, that we might return to our sport. The minister stopped, and, as usual, I was near to him, and seemed the marked one for his reproof. Looking into my face, he spoke very kindly to me, when some one shouted: "Look out, Fred, or you'll get converted," and there was a general round of laughter at this sally of intended wit. Putting up my hands deprecatingly, I said: "Hold

on, chums, let him say what he has to say, and then sling his hook." He finished his remarks on the impropriety and sin of desecrating God's day, asked God to bless us all, and passed on, and we continued to jump.

I merely cite this to show that through no permission or act of mine did a minister ever receive contemptuous or disrespectful treatment.

So I was annoyed as I saw the minister pass the window to my door.

I answered his knock for admission holding the door half open. He looked steadily in my face, and said :

" Sir, do you go to any place of worship ?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and looked as disinterested as I could, I responded, laconically :

" Sometimes, sir."

He looked me straight in the face. I felt he was seeking for an entrance into my resolutely-shut heart, and speaking kindly and firmly, he remarked :

" Look here ! There's *a man in you.*" How that thrilled me ! " Yes, there is," he continued, "and I want you to be a soldier," and

after a pause, he added: "a soldier of the cross."

And the thought flashed through me "Could I be a man yet."

VI.

WE may be the creatures of fate, stumbling on this chance and that mischance; but, surely not everything that occurs, not all the wondrous events of every-day life are mere happenings. There's such a nicety of adaptation in some of the events of life to the times of the life, there is so much congruity in their occurrence that they look like part of a grand plan which we may not see ALL OF now, but yet a plan that covers all the life, and that goes on to work out its several parts, taking up here and there the laid-down ends of kindred schemes widely separated by time and prompting, and reknits them into a symmetrical and perfect whole.

It seems so now to me, at least, as I look back upon the way in which I have come. My unwise feet must have been directed! After the singular coincidence of my desiring to enlist for a soldier and the missionary

asking me to become a soldier occurred, he left me without speaking another word. It was wise. He said just enough to rouse me. The strangest feelings were stirred in me. I had never experienced the like before. Look at the situation! Put yourselves in my place! I had just returned from trying to enlist for a soldier, and found some trouble in reaching this end; aye, had returned disappointed, and lo! this comes and asks me to become the very thing I desired; for I had not the slightest idea that this address or allusion was a religious one; I didn't know exactly what it meant, so ignorant was I and careless of religious things, and so he left me, amazed that he should have said so strange a thing to me.

"I want you to become a soldier; a soldier of the cross."

What did he mean, anyhow? What kind of soldiers were they? Did they have good times? Was the pay good? Were they engaged in a fight going on now? What strange, weird kind of a conflict was this I was solicited to recruit for? What had a minister to do with this fighting business? I

began to feel more strangely still. I thought I should fall to the ground. I wondered more and more what ailed me. I staggered back to the chair I had left to show him out, and I became really alarmed. I had strange forebodings take possession of me. My mind was in a whirl of excitement, and while, puzzled and bewildered, I was trying to solve this mystery, the shop-bell rang, and, to my surprise, my wife asked me to attend the call. I responded cheerfully, hoping it was a good customer, for I needed some money. Times were getting dry again, and I must put in some inspiration. But, imagine my surprise on going out, I saw the same man in the shop who had just left my back door.

It angered me—in my heart I swore at him —I dared not speak an oath ; for, my reverence and esteem for ministers would not allow that. What did he want hanging about me ? Had he not startled and annoyed me sufficiently already ? If he only knew me he would not come preaching around me. When I reached the counter and passed behind it, he raised his umbrella, and, striking the counter with it with great force, said emphatically :

"Young man, I cannot leave you!" I thought if he knew who I was he would be glad to leave me. I was not considered to be very desirable company for ministers. I wondered what there was in me that attracted him. I was not careful in my efforts to make myself fascinating, but said he, abruptly: "Let me have two ounces of your best peppermint lozenges."

I supplied him, of course, and straightway put the money into my pocket for drinks, mentally blessing him for his good sense in furnishing me, in such a quiet way, with the necessary funds for gratifying my appetite. Permit me to say that this man was one of the few who understood his business. There is an open door into every one's heart; if not actually open, it is accessible if we know how to reach it, and it makes worlds of difference whether you go in at the door, or attempt to climb over the brick walls of prejudices, habits and all sorts of obstacles that make a high, inaccessible barrier around the human soul. One way is like taking a fort; by storming it you may take it, and *you may fail.* If you succeed, it is by hard fighting; the other is

like entering an honoured guest into a friend's house; you pass in quietly and easily by the open way behind bristling prejudices and suspicions asleep, who let us, *you*—pass unhindered—aye, even welcomed, because a friend; you win by a wise kindness. That man, by making this trifling purchase, made a grand point; first, I was obliged to be courteous to him as a customer; second, he had propitiated my favour by furnishing me money, and so the way was prepared.

After I had supplied him, he sat down and began to talk kindly to me about my condition, prospects, duty, etc., and I allowed him to do so. I was carried off my feet just by amazement; I was surprised that he should have any interest in a wretch like me, so unlike himself in every particular. Why should he be so in earnest for my welfare? He got me to think; perhaps the first really wise, sober season of reflection for years, began to steal upon me. Nobody ever took such an interest in me before; all the interest other people had manifested was for selfish reasons, and unwisely exhibited so as to gall and annoy me, and defeat the end it designed, even when it

was really disinterested, and meant only my welfare. But, here is a perfect stranger condescending to speak with me as an equal, to address loving words to me, kindly telling me there was some good in me yet, not all bad, and he yearned over that glimmering possibility; could not leave me, was drawn to me; and, even at the risk of abuse, would strive to rescue the jewel from the mud, trampled by the cloven feet of the swine-herd passion, lust and sin, yet it is worth rescue, and he longed to do it. I began to think; and reflection was transmuted into feeling, and a strange mixture of tenderness and gratitude came upon me. I began to break down; I could have borne imprisonment, harsh words, or the lash; I could fight back when assaulted, but this kindness melted me. He got into my heart by the *open way*, behind the outer crust of hardness and sin, and he moved me inwardly as I had not been stirred for years.

I at once invited him to step into the house, much to the surprise of my wife, who, with a half-startled and half-gladdened look, rose instantly to hand us chairs. It was with strange feelings I sat down; for the first time

willingly—aye, desiring to hear this minister speak to me concerning things that began to glimmer in my soul, much as the first dawn of day in the orient sky. After we were seated, he started off by inferring that:

"I should be a man yet."

VII.

DESPERATE cases need prompt and wise management; the least error in handling or treatment, and an irreparable injury is done. No physician will allow the least tampering or experimenting with his medicines in a serious case, by the employment of ignorant or incompetent persons to care for his patient; but trained, expert skilful nurses, who know the value of precision, and whose sleepless vigilance may be relied on are required; for, there are minutes on which a whole life turns; nay, a second then is more than an hour at another time, in importance; the least deviation, and a life slips through the unwise fingers and is gone. So nicely has science and experience drawn the lines of conflict between the curative and the mortal. There are critical points in his client's case the counsel must guard well; little improbabilities or discrepancies that must be verified, or reconciled, or the sharp

tooth of his opponent will tear his case to ribbons. That neglected, no after eloquence or skill can atone for the neglect. So have men reduced the principles of law and treatment of cases to a science that, often now, it is not the hearing of a case and a decision upon its merits, but a great legal combat of mental gladiators, who are wrestling for the palm, and every case is only a new meeting by which they are to arrive at the settlement of the underlying question; not of the cause of Jones against Thompson, but, who shall be master before the bar. And, so, there are some ministers who have brains enough, or tact, or such a comprehension of the important interests dependent on the possession and use of judgment, forethought, and all the rest of those wise elements which go to make the truly successful ambassador, that they neglect nothing, they make their approaches to human hearts with that nice adaptation and skill, that they rarely ever fail of bringing in a fresh trophy for the King.

The man who came to me was such an one. THE REV. GEORGE GREGG, for I had by this time learned that this was the grand, good

man's name, and that he was the "Town Missionary" of Rotherham (now of Sheffield).

When he had seated himself near me, with those encouraging words upon his lips, I eagerly asked him to go on. He did so, and told me the story of the cross in such a simple and beautiful way, that I never have heard anything like it since.

Liberty to the prisoner may be glorious, but not so precious and thrilling as that first moment after the prison door has been opened and the chain fallen off, and the man stands forth free and takes in one long, full, fresh breath of freedom; *that* moment never has a duplicate, it is the one *towering instant* that like a mountain in a vast plain, lifts itself straight up from the dead level around it. So this story to me has never had an equal, and it never will; it never can; its sweetness will last longer than the mountains and stars. There are ETERNAL HILLS somewhere, and on one of their white faces I expect to find written this beautiful story, deeply and as lasting as it has been engraved on the tablets of my heart. And when he told me of the sufferings of the "World's Redeemer," that there was a

personal phase to them, that they were all for me, I broke right down. My side of the story then had to come. I told him what a great sinner I was, how dark my life and polluted; but, he put the offset of a great Saviour before me. Then I told him I thought he must be mistaken in my case. I had been so wicked there could be no day of grace for me. I had sinned away all my relatives' love, I had sinned away my manhood, I had sinned away everybody's confidence and everybody's help, surely there was no one else to care for me.

He assured me that, in spite of all, there was salvation for me, and strange to say, I did not know any better than to believe it.

I was so thoroughly wretched, so entirely in earnest, so religiously ignorant, I had no sceptical doubts. I was not so wise and conceited that I could not be saved because I would not. I had such a confidence in the solemn words the good man spoke in my hearing, that I never once questioned their certainty, but just accepted and trusted them as *pure, simple truth*. Most people *know too much* to believe.

He left me for a short time, and after he had gone I was more wretched than ever; my anguish was keen and intense; I felt like one lost in a cave whom the guide had left, and whose candle had gone out. I now knew that I was lost. I was terribly certain of that, and was fearfully exercised about it, and it seemed to me that the only one who could do me any service was the man who had just left me. And something,—the devil, I suppose,—said to me:

"Now you see what religion is going to do for you. This is only the commencement. A fine time you will have of it now, Fred; better back out, old fellow, and go and take a drink or two; that's the only way to set this delusion right."

I was fearfully harrassed between the cravings of a bad nature, and the goadings of an awakened conscience, and I longed for the missionary's return—his presence would calm, and his words reassure me.

At last he came. What relief it afforded me to see him enter the door; how inspiring his words were as, with kindling eye and smiling face he took my hand and said:

"God bless you, my boy; how is it with you, now?"

I felt, here was a man I could confide in. I needed to unburden my heart; I could disclose all my feelings to him. So I gave him my past history, and told him my present sorrow. He listened to the end in silence. He then begged me that I would make him two promises. One, that I would not go to Sheffield and enlist for a soldier; the other, that I would not touch intoxicating liquors again. I solemnly promised, meaning, this time, to keep that promise, if I died for it. Little did I know what was before me; the strange and awful conflict I must go through. The first that I would not join the army, I had no trouble in keeping. Through a past experience, soldiering was not likely to become a passion with me.

But oh! another passion was woven up amidst the strong cords of my life, which to disentangle would strain them, if not snap them in twain. I kept my second faithfully and t'was like suffering a perpetual neuralgia. I would have times of insatiable burning desire for drink seize upon me. A craving so terrible that it would start the sweat from every pore, and set my head reeling and tossing like a ship

in a storm. Now my heart would seem on fire; again I would appear to be freezing eternally; red fiery objects danced before my disordered vision; I would start back with a severe nervous shock, as from some terrible foe about to spring upon me; a great horror of darkness would come over me and envelope me like a pall; strange, hideous voices would screech in my ears and echo and re-echo through my soul; when I sat down to eat the food would turn to wriggling worms; toads and lizards sat grinning on my plate and from under the edge of every dish; my knife and fork changed to snakes, that hissed at me; the pictures on the walls would change to demons or dragons and leap after me; I would spring from the table in alarm and run shrieking to the farthest corner of the room; my dear wife would fix all manner of soothing draughts and stimulating foods, and had she not stood CLOSE to me then I might never have *fought through.* When these spells came on I would beg her to lock me in a room, and not to let me out until they had passed over. I could feel my will power come and go like the tide, and I was afraid I should fall and die a drunkard's

death if I was not restrained, as I undoubtedly should. Oh! it was terrible.

But I was determined "to be a man yet."

VIII.

NO human spirit can long stand an intense strain upon it. As "the bow kept strung up to the highest pitch soon loses its tone," so it is with the human mind, and there must come a change. If it come not, then the mind is warped, or the brain gives way, and a crazed life henceforth to the end.

It would have been so with me had there been no change. A change from one pain to another, so long as a new set of nerves strive, and rest be given to those now over-strung, that were a mercy. I could not long stand such pain. My will was strong, but even steel must snap if overtried; and if my resolution once failed, there was no more hope for me, I never would have heart to come to the struggle any more. It went on more fiercely, the darkness deepened, the horror increased; taking away all stimulus so suddenly from one actually dependent on it for impulse and energy as I, was almost fatal. I think that a

glass or two, cautiously administered at appropriate intervals, would have lulled the raging demon in me, and allowed me time to rally my natural strength, and very greatly blunted the keen, awful force of the struggle, the scars of which will never be entirely effaced by time. I am not pleading for a false system of reform. Tapering off, as a rule, is never very eminently successful in practice, however beautiful the theory may appear. It is like cutting a man's leg off by pieces, it only protracts the agony, while it endangers the patient's life. But in my case, and doubtless in other cases which are exceptions, a judicious and well-timed loosening of the appetite would be better, perhaps safer, than a sudden, painful dislocation. But I had no such treatment. If I wanted to be a man I must not touch liquor. I wanted to be a man, so I didn't touch it. Nor would I if I had had to march through the very citadel of Inferno, and it was like going through the gulf of flame to get into the clear life beyond. I would not for worlds change the direction of the journey, but I suggest an improvement might be made in the mode of reaching the end.

Well, Sunday came to me, and it was an oasis in the desert journey, and one that joined the green land on the side where the desert ended. With it came the missionary, whom I was glad to see. We had arranged to go to chapel; *that would be a change.* I had not been before for many a day; Sabbath bells had no voice for me; the gathering of the quiet-faced people had no charm for me; whatever poetic sentiment concerning the day and its associations that had been in my mind had been beaten to shreds years ago and trampled in the mud. Yet I had a strange sort of a feeling possess me, it was a yearning, an expectation that I should hear something that would help my case, and an almost fierce hope that I would.

We went and heard a young man preach. I suppose it was a good preach enough, but nothing was said that had any special adaptation to me or that specially interested me. I reckon that is the trouble with a good deal of the stuff that is got off from very high stilts by very ministerial preachers—it is so high it goes right up into the clouds, and describing a splendid arch, falls straightway down the steep place into the sea.

There's enough said every Sunday to convert a brigade of sinners, but somehow it fails of its end, and may as well not be said. I spent the afternoon in the company of the missionary at his house; there I met with some young friends who were there by appointment to entertain me. They were good sensible fellows and did'nt know enough to *preach*, so I had a good time.

In the evening I went to chapel again. The same young man preached from these words: "Awake thou that sleepest—arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." I looked around in surprise. I thought the preacher saw some asleep, and wanted them to rouse up, yet I saw none, for the sermon had not commenced yet. "Arise from the dead!" I looked nervously around, and would not have been surprised to have seen some dead person getting up and walking. He went on preaching, and as nothing strange happened I soon settled down—lost my interest; stock preaching would never reach me; he said nothing that suited my case. I was settling down in despair. I was again making up my mind

that there was no way out of my misery to a better and a nobler life, when the preacher closed the book and said "I have a stray shot to fire." These few words attracted me more than anything else. He had as yet added nothing to them, but he began to talk and look like an ordinary man, and I expected to hear him *say something*. And he did—he went on to describe a sinner of the worst type—*that means me*—and as he went on to picture phase after phase of his life it kept meaning me more and more until I thought "he knows all about me, and is talking directly to me," and I began to be interested. I was in just the case of guilt, degredation, and despair he was describing, and then he began to talk of a remedy, when he announced that even such could become "new men." Ha! that was what I was seeking, that's what I wanted to know. There's a sympathising Saviour that takes men out of the passion, shame, sin, and degradation of the old bad state, and sets them on their feet in a restored manhood; by his love to them, trustfulness and hopefulness, he wakens and kindles in them trustworthiness, and helps them up the steep hill of difficult

performance, waiting as long as they will, and never growing impatient of their tardiness or wretched efforts at reform. Ah! that's the news I wanted.

I stopped to the prayer-meeting "and got religion," as they phrase it. Got hope and trust in Christ, learning that trust and obedience are the substance of the new life. Learning his words and will and doing them, that is the new life. Ceasing to do evil, learning to do well, getting waked up in the soul a sense of sympathy and trust, a conception of better living and a purpose to conform to it—conforming to it as best you can—that is it. They told me Christ loved me, and gave me the best evidence of His love by dying for me; left me words of assurance, direction, and counsel, and that I must believe in Him and obey His teachings. I *did*, so got an impulse to the nobler life. I acquainted myself with His words, and so got an ideal of the new life after which to direct my new impulse, and that is the whole of it.

A man was waked up in me—a full-grown man, so far as the better conception of truth. A keener sense of honour, kindliness, purity,

benevolence, sympathy, and so on, than ever I can express, and an impulse to realise them in me with an increasing knowledge of dissatisfaction at my accomplishments. All this to be in some sense more worthy of Him who blazes before my mind as the one ultimate being of royal loveliness and royal affection, who loved me and gave Himself for me. And so, I came out of gloom, despair, and great depths, by a long and tangled way. And yet before me, only in a nobler sense, and with a range and quality of perfection and glory that no thought of mine can paint, there blazes a most glorious destiny, still expressed by the words: "I'll be a man yet."

A Descriptive Sketch.

My Return to England.

"THE best of friends must part," says the old song, and therefore I had to say "good-bye," when I concluded to go journeying. So I am really off. Not there yet. Americans are a fast people, I know, but not fast enough for me to say "I'll go to Europe," and, *presto*, I am there. But I am in the midst of preparations for the journey.

A man begins his trip from the moment he decides to go, for there are plans to be perfected, arrangements to be made, a thousand and one things to be done, even though you take no women folk, baby folk, or bandboxes.

I have taken the journey often enough to know that one's comfort very greatly depends upon due attention to sundry details beforehand; and I believe in comfort with all my heart.

And one begins to go, too, in his memory and imagination as soon as ever he decides to take the trip. An excursion nearly four thousand miles long across the great waters is no mean adventure, and there are a host of little seers inside of a man that utter conflicting prophecies. There is the grim old magician Fear, with his dark and doleful troop that speak of perils dire—storms, shipwreck, death!

Those fellows paint fearful things in the picture gallery of the imagination; they speak a dark oration in the chancel of the soul; and the soul is the sentimental part of us, too, and helps the old curmudgeon along by intoning some such quotation as this in the memory:

"It may be for years, and it may be forever;"

and that long, long word *forever*, makes the strongest soul shiver, and a tragic scene comes wheeling slowly in. Scene: storm-clouds and foamy waters, lightning-rent and wind-torn; screaming gales and moaning waves; a yawn-gulf and a broken ship, that, like a wild monster in its last dying throes, sucks down its shivering sputtering victims into the voracious jaws of the insatiate sea; a yellow, sea-

weed winding-sheet, a coral coffin, and a long and quiet resting-place on the shell-strewed mausoleum of the deep, with *some one* in the far distance hoping, praying, looking with strained vision and stony cheek for those never to come—never.

But there are other prophets in the soul, offspring of the undeveloped forces of youth; the unused hopefulness and courage, that out of dark places in the past have brought us to great triumphs; they utter a very different message; they speak triumphantly of safe guidance; a fortuitous voyage; a happy landing; friends-speed on; they bring the soul out of the shadow-stained valleys, up on the day-crowned mountains, they bend over it arches of beauty, grand rainbows of hope, at the base of which—between the bright columns thereof, they put down a brilliant mosaic of promises for the tired feet to walk on; a bright ending for so dark a beginning.

This may seem all a fancy to the reader; it is fancy supplemented by fact.

Human discovery and experience, a certain sort of human providence, have made the sea only a very ordinary sort of ferry; and who

knows but that some day we shall be able to breakfast at home in New York, and take tea in London? Already wonders have been done in the direction of speed and safety, and when we have better learned the undeveloped powers that are latent in nature—we shall make the tides and the winds now swayed by the stars a faster and a safer team than they now are, making better time under the whip and spur of human progress.

But we must hurry up and say good-bye, or we shall never get off; the rush and bustle of preparation mingled with the calls and charges of friends "to write and tell them all about it," and so on, prevent gloomy reveries. Meanwhile good-bye has a number of sides to it. There are *familiar faces* to take care of, the familiar streets of the dear old city through which we have gone joyous or sad, on missions of comfort or pleasure, will soon be left far behind us, the city itself will soon dip in the waves, and her domes and spires will look like receding specks on the background of the blue skies.

Then one's *occupation* will have to be suspended for a time; the inspiration of the

surging masses; the contact with this strong and young western life, that has so much of the wine of strength in it, will have to be forborne; the old mode of life entirely interrupted; a complete and total change, like as though one were taken up bodily and dropped down in an entirely new world, which, indeed, is almost literally a fact—all this makes saying good-bye pretty serious work. It is most all over, and now the morning for my departure has come. A host of kind friends are on the wharf, waiting for the steamboat that is to take us round to the good ship *Germanic*, in which I am to sail, and in which they mean to accompany me down the bay, and give me a jolly *send off*.

There were clouds in the early morning sky *behind us*, but it was bright sky *our way;* we accept it as a token. I hope that I have caught enough of this early sunshine and securely bottled it with which to make many pages gleam with brightness for my readers in the future. I imagine that there is a studied effort to be jolly; pretty well *acted*, but rather transparent.

But all resolve to be brave, intuitively and mutually; I, for the sake of those who

remain; they, for the sake of the one who goes. Very well managed. The steamboat has arrived. Step aboard. Good-bye, old home; as we speak, the city is just getting up from its long nap and is rubbing its eyes for another sharp day's work. We swing out into the stream which looks cool and self-possessed, reminding me in its eternal flood, of the song of the brook—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever—for ever."

The ship is reached, a good, long, strong, capacious vessel of iron, built to wrestle with storm and billow. Good friends visit our state-room where we propose to keep house for the next ten days, and we are amused with their remarks. "What a cozy little place." Yes, especially when it's rough, and you're sick, and the ship is playing Jack-straws with the waves; one end down and then the other, as if determined to see what was on the bottom of the sea, and then one end up and then the other, as if bent on stirring up the stars; and you must keep the side light screwed up tight, while you are stifled for fresh air; almost too cozy. And the berth,

"how nice, etc., etc." Yes, very fine to be packed upon a shelf like dried cod fish while the ship is trying all *its might* to roll over, and you've got to hold on with all *your might* or—out you go. Very fine when you are so sleepy you can't wink, and you are as effectually shaken up as a fly in a bottle, or a turtle in a rolling barrel.

But the bell is ringing good-bye, the last hand grasp, long and clinging; the lashings are cut, the hawsers cast off, and the great snorting and smoking ship, the home of seven hundred people, forges out into the stream, and heads down the river for the Narrows. Good-bye—good-bye, there is something comes in the throat, the morning mist makes the eyes moist. If you want to find out whether you have a heart or not, just buy a ticket for America, and getting on board a great ship, see a gap of water widening between you and familiar faces that look good-bye when the voice is no longer heard; you will find out, I think.

The steamer which accompanied us down the bay, and ourselves, separated with mutual salutes from bell and whistle, and a multitude

of farewells and hand and kerchief waving, and soon we were alone ploughing our way out towards the vast space where sky and sea seemed to meet, and shut even distance in.

And yet not alone, for we were many—one does not get much opportunity for being lonesome on board an ocean steamer. You are called to meals four times a day. You can promenade the deck, or take your easy chair from group to group, and chat as familiarly with the saloon passengers as though you were an acquaintance of years' standing; it is wonderful how such life brings people widely separated, together, and breaks down the mere formal barriers of fashionable usage, and makes intercourse facile and agreeable. We have so much in common; we eat, drink, sleep and live in one house, and that house is so shut off from every other house, is, in fact, our whole world for ten days or more, that we cannot afford to be strangers or unsocial.

And then, too, the very pleasant dependence one class of passengers has upon another helps an acquaintance. This is the first voyage for some, and everything is new to

them, and they have imaginary fears, and curious questions to ask, etc. There are others to whom this is as familiar as crossing the ferry, and the two classes are drawn together, one to ask questions, the other to satisfy solicitude—banish fear and inspire confidence; and this begets mutual sympathy and good-will, and greatly conduces to the comfort of our party, and soon all stiffness disappears, and the decks and saloons are covered with friendly, chatting groups, who are on as easy terms of acquaintance, though but a few days ago they were strangers, as though they had lived in the same street from childhood. And then, too, the necessity of devising something to break up the monotony of the long evenings gives rise to evening entertainments of various kinds, concerts, amateur theatricals, etc., gives rise to good feelings; and these, too, are often very fine entertainments, real talent being employed—oftentimes leading stars, professionals, elocutionists, first-class jurists, eminent literary and professional men and women, lending their great talent, and personal power to the entertainments.

Of one of these ocean affairs I am about to write, more strictly on this occasion, an anniversary celebration, than a mere effort at entertainment. One of those events that serve to keep up our connection with and interest in the great world from which we are for a season isolated and exiled. Everything passed off pleasantly on our voyage, and without matters of any particular moment for days—nothing but the ceaseless throbbing of the engine below us, swinging us steadily and rapidly further out into the great rolling deep; and the usual routine of ocean life.

The days passed rapidly until the morning of the 4th of July dawned upon us. The evening before it was quietly arranged that we have *a real, live, American time of it* on the morrow; happily we were far away from nervous people who don't like a noise, and from police or civil authorities, officious officials who might interfere with a significant and time-honored custom. So we had it all our own way—the captain and officers aiding and abetting our lawless patriotism. The 101st anniversary of America's independence should be properly celebrated.

The grand saloon was beautifully decorated with American and British flags, their intertwining folds emblematic of the many interlacing interests which bind the two great English-speaking nations of the world together, which every true patriot, statesman, and citizen of either land fervently hopes may be increased and strengthened in number and power, until no possible cause can ever again separate or antagonize nations so thoroughly ONE in all that pertains to a common origin, interests, hopes, and destiny—two people sprung of a common stock, speaking a common language, breathing a common faith, and working for a common end—the civilization, the education, and the unification of the nations and tribes of mankind.

A sumptuous dinner was served at six o'clock at which about one hundred and fifty persons sat down.

It is just impossible for me to describe this feast, to have appreciated it you should have been there, tasted as we tasted, feasted as we feasted, and then you would have grown patriotic too. We were patriotic before dinner, but the gastronomic element was added to

intensify our zeal, and if our sturdy old continental forefathers have any idea of what is going on in this world now they have left it with the grand heritage of liberty and equality, industry and discovery which they animated or made possible, I am sure they were made glad. If they could have seen us eat as we ate, and if you could have seen us too, I am sure both you and they alike would say people who can do so well in the commissary department can be trusted to guard interests so sacred in a like heroic manner, in other departments calling for denial, burden bearings and exertion.

It is, perhaps, interesting for you to know that we got through with that dinner; patriots who were so brave as we could not be conquered by difficulties so delicious. We braced ourselves for the contest, charged and charged again, until the enemy was ours. Then we were prepared to lie back and enjoy the celebration which was to come after in the way of toasts and speeches after dinner, and an entertainment in the evening.

After the numerous courses were disposed of, Mr. Thomas Barbout, of Paterson, N. J.,

was called to the chair, and he made an excellent chairman; he was made on purpose, I presume, for this occasion. After a few appropriate remarks he called upon all to fill their glasses, and drink the first toast, which was, "The Day we Celebrate;" the toast was cheerfully drunk by all standing, and three strong and resonant cheers sounded through the magnificent saloons and far out over the broad blue bosom of the sea. Mr. George W. Miller, a lawyer, of Albany, made the responsive speech—it was a model one, short, terse, magnetic, and brimming with patriotism. Then was sung "The Star Spangled Banner," music under the direction of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, Mr. Warren and Mr. Geo. Rignold furnishing the vocal music, singing in good style, and with capital effect, assisted by your humble servant.

The second regular toast was "The Queen," responded to by the Rev. Robert Bert, of England. Mr. Rignold, the talented actor, singing: "God save the Queen." The third was "The President of the United States," responded to by Thomas G. Shearman, of Brooklyn; then we sang "Hail Columbia,"

and as there was plenty of room, we tried to make a noise. Then came "Our Voyage," calling out a great speech from the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of N. Y., after which we had, of course, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Then followed, as you would expect, "Success and Prosperity to the White Star Line, the steam ship Germanic, and her gallant commander, Captain Kennedy," and he is all that; if you don't believe me, take a voyage with him; this called out the chairman, who spread himself in a very effective and telling speech.

"I am glad," he said, "to see this sight; the American and British flags entwined together in this spacious saloon, emblematic of the good feeling now existing between the two strong, grand nations they represent, which we hope will strengthen with the years. The kindly reception to General Grant in England, the hospitality so generously extended to him, had done much to produce the most cordial feelings between the two nations.

"This great steamship, this noble triumph of engineering skill, the iron village combining safety with the greatest speed, driven through

the waves by a force of nearly six thousand horse power, and yet so steady and so free from vibration, that those present might fancy themselves in the parlor of the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga.

"Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, the builders, had accomplished more than to make the ocean trip a mere pleasure excursion; they had brought New York and Liverpool so near that only the thin wedge of one week separates them; they had annihilated that dread, sea-sickness, and greatly added to the comfort of those on board.

"In regard to my old friend, Captain Kennedy, I would say, many think the duties of the commander light—the place one easy to fill. No doubt it seems so in a voyage like the present, when the sea is smooth, and the weather so calm and delightful, but storms will succeed this and times of danger and peril would surely come, some unforeseen accident might arise, then they would see the value of skill, experience, long-trained and often tested powers of reliance, and ready wisdom, to devise expedients and do promptly just the right thing; then you will find your brave

commander at his post of duty, and should our vessel become untenable, and we be compelled to take to the boats, the captain would be the last man to leave the ship.

"I have made many trips with Captain Kennedy, and I have ever found him unremiting in his duties, tireless in his efforts to serve, genial and manly in his deportment, and always seeking the comfort and welfare of his passengers.

Then came the sixth toast:

"England and America, Mother and Daughter," responded to by Rev. W. A. Bartlett. "The Ladies," by Dr. O. Laughlin, a very appropriate selection. "The Learned Professors," responded to by Judge Hoadly, of Cincinnati, and this ended the speech-making. The speeches were all good, so was the dinner.

The chairman then called our attention to some business of importance—announcing some telegrams from the cable underneath, from Ismay, Imrie & Co., Liverpool, to R. J. Cortiss, N. Y., agent:

No. 1. "Did the Irish race horse Germanic start on time?"

Answer:

"Yes, have the tender leave Queenstown to meet her at noon sharp."

No. 2. From a lady in Paris whose husband is on the Germanic:

"Hurry up, dear. Worth won't leave dress without the money; wire sight draft, and you need not be in haste yourself."

No. 3. NAHANT, July 4, noon.

Sea Serpent just left to overtake Germanic, will have to hurry up to catch her.

WESTERN UNION OPERATOR.

So we celebrated the Fourth far from home, on the rocking sea, thinking of home, and yet going further away from home with every turn of the engine; yet we had a good time, and we hope you have, reader, as you go on the voyage with us. We are getting nearer land all the time, and we shall see some strange and stirring things before we get through our tour. But it is getting late, the entertainment is over, the loungers and smokers are the only ones left, and they are few; we find it easy work to keep our eyes shut and mouth open. Good night.

What I saw in England.

BEFORE leaving America I was commissioned by the proprietors of a New York paper to write a series of Sketches upon "What I saw in England," and having the connection of time with what is previously recorded, and the relationship of place with my readers, I venture to re-publish one or two of the most interesting in connection with this work.

I arrived in Liverpool on the 9th of July, 1877, and was greeted at the landing-stage by my mother, sister, and the Rev. Thomas Greenbury.

The city may in one sense be aptly termed the "Chicago of England," for, to a passing observer, the outward appearance of Liverpool is, without doubt, essentially modern, and its rise and progress is something wonderful.

Notwithstanding, however, that without much effort you might imagine that an American city had been floated over the waves and planted on the banks of the Mersey, the

city has a history of great age, and one which is neither uninteresting nor meagre.

We will briefly indicate it to you after we have introduced the city in the gross.

Liverpool stands on the north bank of the Mersey, and, after London, is the largest city in the United Kingdom, and taken with Birkenhead on the other side of the river, and which naturally belongs to it, it ranks in maritime importance *before* the metropolis itself, a circumstance due to its situation on the west coast of England, not only as a port for the adjacent manufacturing districts, but for the traffic with America.

It is one hour from Manchester by rail, six hours from London and Edinburgh, and eight hours by steam from Dublin. It has a population of over half a million souls, thirty thousand of which are seamen.

From physical facts which exist, it appears that the present mouth of the Mersey is not its original outlet; there is evidence that once a small stream ran into the sea in place of the noble and expansive mouth that now ejects the vast mass of the river's water into the ocean, for all across it trunks of great trees are visible at low water.

It appears from these traces that remain, that in very early times the whole coast of Lancashire was one dense forest, inhabited only by wild beasts, and that this forest extended about *twelve miles out* into the present sea.

The sand banks about the Mersey, the Dee, and the Ribble being the remains of the land so encroached upon.

Not only has the sea swept away all these forests, but the villages which in later times had been erected on the coast, have perished also, but leaving behind them sufficient evidence that they were once there. In fact, the names of a few remain.

Between Leasowe and Holylake there appears to have been a Roman watering-place —a kind of Scarborough, for the residents of Dera(chester), and their ornaments and utensils are found to this day.

Nearer Leasowe the remains of a cemetery are to be seen at low water.

The trunks of the old forest trees, are, during violent storms, uprooted by the sea, and washed upon the coast, and many of them can be seen at Southport in the gardens of the inhabitants.

Liverpool, as a town, is very ancient. Its castle was much older than Conway—but commercially, and as a seaport, it is not a hundred years old. The rapidity of its growth is evidenced by the fact that there is scarcely a public building in the town over sixty years old—not even its oldest churches.

For the last fifty years the town has been literally *turning itself inside out*, and this process of reconstruction is still going on. For where the ancient families used to live next their warehouses and stores, they now live at a distance that would at one time have been considered a serious day's journey, but which now, with the facilities for rapid travelling, is but a convenient trip to and from business. So that Liverpool is less a city of homes than any other town in England, the city being almost wholly given up to business! In the thirteenth century it contained only 840 inhabitants, and 168 cottages. When the iron will and steel sword of William the Conqueror had subdued the Saxon, and he found it necessary to delegate his authority to agents to rule over his distant and recently-acquired territory, he appointed Roger, Earl of Arun-

dale, to rule over the land lying between the Ribble and the Mersey. Roger found it necessary for purposes of defence to build a castle in Liverpool in 1076 on the present site of the St. George's church, and where West Derby Chapel now stands the Saxons had built a castle.

Such a stronghold in the old times speedily became the nucleus of a population, hence a colony of fishermen soon established themselves as early as 1050.

Tradition says that Henry I. gave Liverpool its first charter, in 1120; of this there is no historical proof. The first one now extant was given by King John, in 1207. It is a curious piece of literature, and I will copy it for you.

" John, by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aguitain, and Earl of Anjou, to all our faithful subjects, who may have been willing to hold burgage houses at the town of Liverpool, greeting. Know ye that we have granted to all our faithful subjects who may have taken burgage houses in Liverpool, that they may have all the liberties and free customs in

the town of Liverpool, which any other free borough has upon the sea in our territories. And, therefore, we command you that securely and in our peace, you may come to receive and dwell in our burgage houses; in witness whereof, we transmit to you these our letters patent."

"Witness—Simon de Patishill—Winchester, 28th Aug., 9th year of our reign."

Soon after a religious tower or monastery was built, and in 1400 Henry IV. fortified it, for the people lived in miserable, indefensible houses. The monks of Birkenhead Abbey established a ferry between this place and Liverpool, and so it began to grow; for a tower of refuge and defence, a sanctuary in which to worship, and a river stocked with fish, were elements of no mean attraction in those dim and troubled periods of the past.

A fair idea of the style of houses existing in those days may be had from the fact that during the inclement weather the people would have to crowd into the castles and monasteries, for, from the condition of the roads, the in-sweeping of the tides, and the fact that it rained harder in doors than it did out, they

were uninhabitable about half the year, and rented for four shillings per annum.

Soon Liverpool began to have some maritime importance. She first owned a vessel in 1500, and by 1546 she possessed twelve vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 177 tons, and employed 75 hands to man them, and the girls and wives of Liverpool began to hold up their heads, and keep their shoe strings tied up tidy, *when they wore shoes*.

The civil war first brought her into prominence; her position as a seaport, and in reference to Ireland, having a tower and a castle, drew the eyes of the contestants towards her.

Charles I. had made her a body corporate, and in gratitude for the favour, she could not become disloyal. In the summer of 1643, Colonel Ashton, commander of the Parliamentarian troops, seized the castle and town. Soon prince Rupert, nephew of the king, marched on the place, attacked the fortifications with contempt, but from the heroic defence was compelled to respect the bravery of its troops; after twenty-four days' siege he captured the place. A very interesting relic

of this seige of the fiery prince was discovered in 1865, being a portion of the trenches cast up at the bottom of London Road, opposite Comendation Row, and was visited by many thousand people. Eventually it fell again into the hands of the soldiers of Parliament, and two years after, to conciliate its people, it was made a free and independent port.

Until properly drained it was very unhealthy and was twice visited by the plague. It recovered from these drawbacks, and began to increase its maritime navy, until at the present day, it stands at the head of the commercial world as a port having no successful rival except the port of New York. An idea of its immense trade can be obtained from the following figures:

Ships entering in '75, 6,058, with tonnage of 4,000,000 tons. Ships clearing outwards, 5,778 and 405,000 tons. British exports, £91,794,578. The imports of cotton in 1869 were 3,000,000 bales, the customs in 1866 were £2,867,000.

Compare the end with the beginning, and you will be impressed with the proverb: "Despise not the day of small things."

More about Liverpool.

ONE hardly ever tires in a strange place, and you can do an almost incessant, and certainly a prodigious amount of sight-seeing without ever once feeling tired.

Even invalids will undergo abroad what would almost kill them at home, and does sometimes kill them abroad sober earnest.

Liverpool is quite a progressive place, and one of more continuous activity and change than almost any other English city.

In 1800 the Earl of Derby instigated the founding of a free public library at the corner of Duke and Slater Streets, at a cost of nearly £12,000. On his death, his son, the young earl, presented it to the corporation. In passing years it grew to be totally inadequate to the wants of the city, and with the usual commendable inactivity of fussy city corporations, nothing was done to satisfy the demands for better accommodation.

At this juncture a Mr. Brown stepped forward and offered £6,000 for the purpose of

establishing a free library for the city. The corporation promised to complete the enterprise, but as is usual with wealthy corporations, shrank from the awful responsibility of the undertaking.

Mr. Brown, incensed at their cupidity and narrowness, doubled his gift; the press rang with his praises, the corporation cheered his munificence, sat down, resolved, talked, doubted, sneered, and did nothing.

At this, that gentleman came forward, took the whole expense upon himself, secured the grant of a site on Slater Street, removed the whole collection of the old museum to the new building, which was largely added to, and thrown open for public use in 1860. In ten years, from its own reports, over 5,000,000 people have visited the place.

The extent of its library facilities may be judged from the circulation thereof: 2,215 volumes per day, or a yearly circulation of 620,124 volumes, and the largest per cent. is in general literature. All Liverpool reads solid and instructive matter; the library contains 60,000 volumes, increasing yearly at a rate of from seven to ten thousand volumes.

It is open every week day, except Saturday, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and is usually thronged. It cost nearly £40,000 as a whole, and is a free gift from the founder to the public—princely in point of intrinsic value, more princely in point of educational value to the people, and absolutely priceless.

The library has a reading-room which will accommodate 600 persons, there is also a student's room, ladies' reading room, and a room for references to larger and more valuable works. In connection with the library, there is a lecture room in which is held a school of science, and also free courses of lecture on art and literature. The school has just entered on its fifteenth term.

There is also, in connection with these, a museum department, entered by the great hall of statuary. Here are to be seen some very fine specimens of the art—statutes of Aeschius, the Greek orator, and Minerva, &c.

It is a splendid hall, of magnificent dimensions and elaborate decorations. Here is Jennie Deans, and yonder Venus, Cupid, Spring, Aberon and Titania, Eve at the Fountain, the Fighting Gladiator, Apollo

Bevedere, Venus De Medici, etc., to the end of a very long list.

Bewildering in their multiplicity and beauty, as you turn to leave for the museum, the Graces Flora and Ceres smile at you, while Venus and Hercules, by Canova, bid you stay. Rare company these if they could only speak to you, and tell you some of the thrilling tales of their old classic life and times, tales that would make your blood run cold with horror and thrill again with the warm flush of life.

On the stairway you will see two very fine pictures—the Crucifixion, by Hilton, and the Death of Nelson, by Drummond, both celebrated paintings, and justly so, for they are meritorious.

Now we are in the museum, shall we take the galleries first? Well, here is the bird room, and here are representatives, possibly, of the whole earth—birds of prey, with bill and claw for tearing and striking, wings for swooping and carrying, from the eagle to the insect hawk, how plainly they carry the insignia of their trade and nature; you would know them at a glance.

They resemble their human prototypes. You wouldn't expect this crew to ape the dove, any more than you would look for rabbits to catch cats, or doves to hunt kids.

The footpad don't usually pray before he puts the pistol to your head. Who will not say that that is more agreeable than the action of the sanctimonious hypocrite who does pray while he is appropriating your securities or making away with your wallet.

It makes us wish that there were either less praying, or more of a separating of the trades, and oraying for saints, and stealing for footpads exclusively.

Here is the heron for fishing, the condor from South America for land grabbing—of deer, goat or pig. Here is the hawk of hooked beak and piercing eyes, that takes us back to the days of bluff King Hall and good Queen Bess, when hawking was a hunting science and a sport.

Here is the eagle, that by associatian makes us home-sick, the fish-hawk, and the owls; wise old birds are they, blinking at the daylight, and thinking it devised only for their annoyance. With eyes and ears as large as a cat, to see in the dark, and see in a storm.

Here are the thrush, hoopoes, honey-eaters, warblers, fly catchers, creepers—after insects. Mocking bird, butcher bird, the umbrella bird of Brazil, birds of paradise, starlings, finches, nightingale, lark, whip-poor-will, etc., etc. Here they are, you can spend a week in the six bird rooms.

Then here are the snakes which always make the ladies say, oh! large, small, beautiful, fascinating, horrid, every one bearing the look of the tradition of Eden in their basilisk eyes and wriggling forms, and provoking the old feeling of aversion and enmity "between thy seed and the seed of the woman."

Here are the fishes, too, from the sea-louse no larger than your finger, to the sturgeon and porpoise, and the whale big as a ship.

Here are electric eels who can discharge their shocks so as to kill fishes, and often even to disable horses and men. Gen. Garibaldi nearly fell a victim to these creatures while crossing a stream.

And the sword-fish, known to pierce the timber of vessels with their bony sword to the thickness of a foot. Woe to the enemy that dare attack it in its element and provoke its

ire—man is nowhere, and the shark, and even the whale, dread and fear it.

Here are tigers, hyenas, zebras, opossoms, wolves, foxes, and animals of almost every species.

But here we are to the end, and not half through with our description.

Leaving the Museum, we take a bus, and ride down to Great Charlotte Street, and stop at St. John's Market, an immense structure over six hundred feet long, and nearly two hundred feet wide, and perhaps forty feet high; it is a vast open space inside, the roof being supported by a forest of iron pillars.

The whole interior circuit of its walls is occupied as shops, and the balance of interior is cut up into plots, in which are placed stands, tables, etc. Here all the good things of life are to be found in the edible line.

It is singular to note how immense is the consumption of a city population. What enormous stores of provisions come and go, always on the move, brought in at one end, carried out at the other to return no more.

It is also interesting to note the laws of caste. Its selections obtain attention as powerfully

here in the prosaic matters of pork and bacon, as in the nobler classes of animal and vegetable existence. The laternal avenues are occupied by pork dealers, butchers, and dealers in game, butter, bacon, cheese, rabbits, poultry, then come flowers, always in this association.

The central avenues present glorious displays of the various English and foreign fruits, then come greens, vegetables, provisions, &c. The north end has shell-fish, oysters, mussels, cockles, &c. Then comes the fish market proper, the shops fitted up with marble slabs, with lowest edge to customer, and fresh sprays of water playing on the fish, the water being conducted to the sewer by iron pipes; the building is handsomely lighted, by day by over two hundred windows, and at night by acres of gas jets, and flaring oil lamps on the stands; the whole floor is paved with stone.

It is a very interesting sight to stand here and watch the continuous bustle of business. Acres and acres of edibles. Liverpool is justly proud of her market, with its cleanliness, the neat stands, the pretty faces of the market girls, or the ruddy ones of the matron saleswomen and the rugged ones of the marketmen.

Here is character in richest profusion. The glum old housekeeper, the rheumatic old gent in spectacles, the bustling tradesman, the young housekeeper, the pretty-faced serving maid, all come to buy the best piece at the lowest price, all are in a hurry, and you can imagine the bustle. The most independent people in the world are these market people.

"If you don't buy somebody else will; take it or leave it at 3d. and 6d. or go further and fare worse," are irresistible arguments.

On our way let us run in to Reynolds' State Room, and see the kings and queens and nobles that at this moment are congregated there.

You pass into a noble building through a long vestibule handsomely lighted by a double row of noble-looking men holding lights. If you are young and a lady, look out that you do not lose your heart as you go by these manly-looking young fellows who light you in. By the number of people going in and out, there must be a levee going on to-day—now put on your best; you are going to stand before kings.

You are ushered into a grand hall. Here in all their royal apparel, and of noble port, are kings, queens, emperors, nobles, and ones of every grade in life. About 3,000 of them.

Why, they are all wax. You laugh—yes, those young fellows you looked so shyly at in the vestibule are all wax; provoking, yes; but now that you are here go down in the magic caves on the lower floor, and see mermaids, witches, giants, wizards, fairies, and all sorts of wonders, splendors, and curiosities; next to Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition in London, this is the finest in the kingdom—hundreds of thousands of pounds are here invested.

Let us go over to the school and church for the blind, St. Mary's, where there are from 300 to 500 children educated.

The pupils are taught reading by raised letters, and can read as deftly and rapidly as my readers can; music is an especially favourite pastime with them, and many attain to great efficiency on the piano, flute, etc.; and all other useful branches of education are taught. They are also taught the various branches of handicraft, and the

result of their skill is seen in the goods exhibited for sale of both a useful and ornamental character, and from which a revenue is secured to the church and school.

The church adjoining, and connected with it, is a splendid specimen of pure Grecian architecture, said to be a faithful copy of the Temple of Jupiter, in the island of Ægina, a very early Grecian style. The church is very large and usually full; the musical parts of the services are furnished by the blind pupils, and are very pathetic.

There is a beautiful and appropriate painting in the south end of the church, by Hilton, of "Christ giving sight to the blind."

There is in this church a handsome cenotaph to the memory of Pudsey Danson, who lost his knighthood through absence of mind or nervous excitement, for when kneeling in the presence of his Majesty, George IV., he was asked his name, and replied; Mr. Danson;" the king said, "rise, Mr. Danson," but he retained his manhood, so his loss was endurable.

Let us go over to the orphan asylum; in Myrtle Street you will find this noble institu-

tion, built through the munificence and perseverance mainly of Harwood Banner, and receives all Protestant children within a radius of seven miles from Liverpool.

There are fine dormitories, splendid dining rooms, and drawing rooms, a magnificent play ground, and a handsome church between the boys' and girls' homes. There is accommodation for 150 infants between the ages of two and eight, and the same in the boys' home. They are kindly treated, well educated, and when of proper age the boys are apprenticed, and the girls articled. It is a noble and splendid offering to humanity.

The school of the deaf and dumb is near. It is both a pay and charity institution. The poor are admitted as day pupils, and given their dinner.

It is both curious and instructive to note how fingers and signs are made to take the places of ears and tongue, and what wonderful facilities nature has for turning its unused forces into other organs. Some of these pupils will commit and recite by signs Homer's Iliad almost within the time it would take you to slowly read it.

Let us go down on the docks, just below Wellington Road. We come across the bridge, and reach the Herculaneum Graving Dock. Here is a basin and Hydraulic tower, and it will receive six ships at once. It would take a week to do the docks. From this, for five miles to the north, stretch one complete procession of docks, piers, and quays.

Then there are the New Brighton Docks, the Eastham Docks, and Brunswick Docks. The Herculaneum Dock employs a thousand men. The Queen's docks are for cotton, corn, and dyewoods.

Here are Wapping Warehouses for the tobacco trade, and the trade is almost restricted to this place. Their annual rental to government is £4,000. Then there is Salthouse Dock for the salt trade, and the Albert Dock and warehouses, costing half a million pounds. Custom House Dock, holding the massive, majestic buildings of the government, beneath it are vast vaults for goods in bond. Next to it is George's Dock, and passing it we come to Prince's Dock and export shed. Here is a long vista of vessels alongside the quay, lashed together with planks, reaching far ahead.

There multitudes of goods are shipped—all kinds of hardware, railway supplies, iron in all shapes, of all kinds and sizes, sheet, bar, wire, springs, etc.; bales, boxes, casks, goods, wines, spirits, ales, for India, Madagascar, Asia, Persia, the continent, and America.

Thousands of men are here measuring packages, invoicing goods, shipping merchandise ; the tramp of horses, song of stevedores, and shouts of sailors, make a very Babel of industry. At the south end the same busy scene of discharging cargoes is enacted. Wheat rice, hides, Indian corn, cotton, dye-woods, raw sugars, etc., until you are amazed at the wealth and resources of a single city.

When you come to add city to city, and nation to nation, where all the time something similar is going on, the intellect is confounded.

We have reached our hotel once more, and our wanderings in Liverpool must terminate.

A Passing Glimpse at London.

NOW, reader, put on your seven league books and take a look at the city of cities lying there in its pride and shame—in its joys and sorrows.

We will start down by the Bank of England, a magnificent structure; opposite is the Royal Exchange, and on the outer side of the square formed by the junction of Cornhill, Lombard, and Threadneedle Streets, stands the Mansion House; down Cornhill we go to King William Street, and so over to Gracechurch Street. On, still on, passing St. Paul's through West End and across the Holborn Viaduct. What queer little buildings for stores, shops, and lodgings. What massive and noble ones just beside. We then come to Fleet Street, the main street from St. Paul's to West End. This is the literary street, and has been for years as full of literary associations, as it is of newspaper and printing offices.

It is very much to London what Printing House Square is to New York, with its old traditions of Greeley, Bennett, Raymond, and others; editors, writers, poets, novelists, etc., gather round here, and have for generations. I will try and fish out some of these.

Over there by Temple Bar, one of the gates of the old walled London of the past, used to stand "The Devil"—not his Satanic majesty, but a tavern by that name—and it was a favourite hostelry of Ben Jonson. Just above, at the "Mitre Court," Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Boswell held frequent rendezvous. Here at the "Cock" Browning and Keats used to sit, and sometimes Shelley and Wordsworth with them; Johnson lived, fought, wrought, struggled, suffered, triumphed, and died right here.

In these courts that run out either side, William Cobbett and Ferguson, the astronomers lived. Dryden and Richardson both lived in Salisbury Court; Steel and Ashmole in Shire Lane; Izaak Walton a little way up Chancery Lane. In the confectionery shop nearly opposite, Pope and Warburton first met.

D'Ewes, Cromwell, Drayton, and Conley, the poet, all lived in this street. Here St. Bride's Church stands, that up to within a few years had two wooden giants in front of its bells, that struck the hours with clubs, a duty they still perform in the gardens of the Marquis of Hertford, in the Regent's Park.

North of Fleet Street are the Inns of Court, where the lawyers swarm. Temple Bar—recently removed to Hyde Park—bound the city limits on the west end of Fleet Street, and was built by Wren in 1672, and consisted of one large gate and two smaller ones on either side.

Here the old custom was to place the heads of decapitated criminals, after being boiled in pitch, exposed on iron pikes on the top of the Bar; and Walpole tells of a speculator on Fleet Street who used to let out spy-glasses at a penny a peep to passers by, when the heads of the hapless Jacobites were exposed. That's the way they used to treat loyalty and called it treason.

Treason is no particular thing—it is simply opposing the "powers that be," or in despotic countries continuing to have friendship for *the*

powers which have been; if you did that, off went your head, and they stuck it on a pike-staff, and set it up on Temple Bar.

But we could keep you all day gossiping; let us skip on, or we shall not see as much as we wish. Let us go up the Strand—called so because it is a street lying along the banks of the river; the continuation of what should be Fleet Street after you pass Temple Bar. Right outside the Bar stood the old Strand Maypole. When that stood this was a country road, and fields lay on either side. The good old days are gone for ever, when the mansions of the nobles used to stand and mark the spot now known as Essex, Norfolk, Surrey, Salisbury, Buckingham, and Northumberland streets.

Here to the left is Somerset House, a vast range of government offices, King's College, and to the East Waterloo Bridge; the east side is bounded by the theatres—everything goes in groups in London; here are Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Olympic, Charing Cross, Queen, Globe, and Strand Theatres; Exeter Hall is close by; over the way St. Martin's Church, and Waterman's Grave Yard.

Jack Sheppard, that celebrated cracksman, was hanged and buried here in 1724. Here is where Charing Cross once stood, put up by Edward I. to the memory of his Queen Eleanor; that extravagant monarch put up a cross wherever her bier rested. South of us in sight are Whitehall, Palace of Westminster, and to the north, Whitehall, where they used to play an old French game like our croquet, call *Paille Maille*, and from which the place takes its name.

Further on to the north we come out in Trafalgar Square, that holds Nelson's lofty statue with Landseer's four noble lions couchant around it. Also the statues of George IV., Sir Chas. Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, and an equestrian statue of George III. Two deep wells supply the fountains with water, one of which is 400 feet deep. Going south we come to the houses of Parliament —Westminster Abbey, Duke of Buccleuch Palace and Westminster Bridge. Going on a mile further we come to Piccadilly Street, and go into Upper Regent Street where are whole blocks of splendid shops, the most noble of all London.

In busy times of the day the sight here is magnificent, and stirring in the extreme. Brilliant equipages and vast masses of the more stylish and aristocratic people of London throng the streets.

Going west we get into London's most fashionable quarters. Here are St. James, Hanover, Berkley, Grosvenor, Cavendish, Manchester and Portman Squares, all taking names from the owners of the magnificent mansions that line every side of these squares. North-east is the older fashionable quarter. Park Lane, May Fair and Tyburnia, built on old Tyburn, the place of public executions. Beyond are extensive rows of suburban villas, the favourite place of residence for city merchants and wealthy persons.

In going back north we come to Paddington, and pass the once famous old burial ground at Bunhill fields, where is Bunyan's tomb, the Chapel of City Road where John Wesley preached.

Further on we pass St. James Palace, used principally for court displays and the Queen's levees. Buckingham Palace standsat west end of the Mall, and is said to have cost £7,000,000.

Next is Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then Kensington Palace, and Lambert Palace and the Tower.

We pass on to the British Museum, said to have cost £1,000,000. The library and reading-room is a stupendous place, under a magnificent dome of an incredible span; it has 800,000 volumes, and increasing enormously every year. You can spend days, aye, weeks here; every famous antique and unique object abounds, every part is filled to overflowing, and still the stream pours in. It is one of the many great white elephants England has got on her hands.

In Trafalgar Square are the National and Royal Academies of Art, and in each you could spend another week. But, like the Wandering Jew, we must still go on.

We come next to the colleges—London University in Piccadilly, University College in Tower Street, free, and frequented by Jews, Parsees, and Hindoos, King's College, Hasking, Wesleyan, Gresham, and a host of others are grouped around. Here, close by, are the Mint, Custom House, and Post Office,

banks, insurance offices, and courts without end, and all magnificent structures.

London bewilders, tires, inspires, disgusts, pleases and exhausts you. If you had the wings of a bird and the mind of a Bacon you might, in a hundred years, be able to understand and know London pretty well.

Her zoological and horticultural gardens are places of interest. Deer, lions, tigers, animals from all the old world. Birds, serpents, and monkeys throng its cages and stalls. Everybody goes to the zoological gardens who come to London. Here you find London, upper London, lower London, and all London between, from the prince to the beggar; all extremes meet at the zoo.

It is very funny to take notes, and compare human nature with animals. Here you will see a man with a face like one of those lions, and another like those apes. Here you will see a woman with a feline purring that strongly suggests her kinship with some of those wild cat-like beasts in yonder cages; soft, graceful, and springy, yet cruel, treacherous, and bloodthirsty as they.

Go to Madame Tussaud's and Jarley's wax work performances when you can. If you are not deceived, then I will be; you will sit down on a bench to rest along side of a pretty, modest looking lady, wipe away the perspiration, and in a friendly way talk on, hoping to dissipate her bashfulness. When suddenly you will start up, feel queer—get mad at the people who stand laughing at you, and discover you have been talking for half-an-hour to a *lump of wax*. Exeunt Omnes.

St. Paul's, The Tabernacle, and Spurgeon.

RATHER a queer combination, one would say, after reading the heading of this sketch. For nothing could be more diametrically opposed—fire and water could not. Night and day could not. You cannot imagine anything so different—so distinct from each other than the two antipodes of London evangelical life as St. Paul's and the Tabernacle—for they do indeed mark those imaginary places called poles—on the north and south side of dogmatism.

If you go down Newgate Street to the West End, a turning to the right gives you access to the once celebrated Smithfield and St. John's Gate. South-west of Cheapside, near Paternoster Row, stands St. Paul's Cathedral, the first and greatest of all landmarks of London. In the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's the names of many streets and lanes give token that its influence is felt in a large radius.

Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, Godliman Street, &c. St. Paul's is the most prominent object in the metropolis. Its lofty dome is seen for miles around, and the church stands in the centre of an enclosed churchyard at the head of Ludgate Hill. A church is said to have existed here four hundred years before the Norman conquest, and under various shapes and extensions it remained till destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666. An entirely new edifice was erected then in its stead, under the direction of the fertile genius of Christopher Wren. It is said by Macaulay to be one of the noblest of Protestant temples. It was first opened in 1697, for divine service, on an occasion of wide-spread joy over the end of the long war between England and France and Ireland, when the French king assisting James II., who had landed there waged war with William and Mary of England.

The king, William III., publicly entered London, and proclaimed the 2nd of December as a day of thanksgiving for peace.

The chapter of St. Paul's resolved that on that day their new cathedral, which had been

long slowly arising on the ruins of a succession of pagan and christian temples, should be opened for public worship. The king announced his intention of being present. On it being represented to him that three hundred thousand people would assemble to see him pass, and all the parish churches of London would be left empty, he changed his mind, and attended his own chapel at Whitehall, and heard Burnett preach.

At St. Paul's there was all the splendour and magnificence of state. The magistrates of the city appeared in state. The bishop preached, speaking of the debt of gratitude they owed heaven for permitting the erection of such a splendid building, and thus effacing the last traces of the great fire, and assembling once more for prayer and praise after so many years on a spot, consecrated by the devotions of thirty generations. It was not finished, however, until 1710, one architect and one master mason having been engaged on it for 35 years. It is built in the form of a cross, 514 feet long, 286 feet in breadth, and 360 feet high. Two hundred tons of iron railing were used, and it cost £1,511,202.

Outwardly it is weather-beaten and dark; there are three porticos at as many entrances on three sides of the church. The front is a magnificently pillared temple, with two handsome bell towers, besides the domes, higher than other church steeples. On entering you are impressed with the vastness of the internal space. The inner dome is covered with paintings from the life of St. Paul, by Sir James Thornhill.

In various parts of the cathedral are statues and monuments of John Howard, Dr. Johnson, Bishop Heber, Nelson, Cornwallis, Abercrombie, Sir John Moore, and others. Here is the tomb of Nelson, in the crypt, also Wellington, Wren, Collingwood, and many other eminent men.

Service is held twice a day on the Sabbath, and three times on week-days. Several times in the year service is performed under the dome on Sunday evenings by gaslight, where an additional organ has been put up.

The appearance of the dome at these times, with the soft light shed around it, is extremely beautiful, and the congregation then assembled fairly enormous. From its balcony you can

see the whole of London with the country beyond, and the Thames winding in and out between dense masses of houses. There are the Whispering Gallery at the bottom of the dome, where the slightest whisper can be heard from side to side; the two Golden Galleries; the Ball and Cross reached by 600 steps; the clock-work, and Great Bell. The pendulum of the clock measures fourteen feet, and the pendulum itself weighs one hundred pounds. The great bell, which is only tolled when a member of the royal family dies, is on the southern turret; it weighs 9,000 pounds.

Its magnificent tones, mighty, deep, fine, on which the hours are struck, sweep solemnly in a quiet evening across the Metropolis, and are heard distinctly by families at their fire-sides far out in the suburbs. It is a magnificent structure, grand, imposing, and massive.

Let us now skip over to the Tabernacle—for everybody who comes to London goes to hear Mr. Spurgeon, at least once. His pulpit performances are something so very wonderful, his congregations are so immense, that bare curiosity would be sufficient to take one to the Surrey side of the Thames. It is quite a step

from London city—the usual stopping-place of travellers, and especially Americans—to the mammoth building in which Mr. Spurgeon preaches. It stands in that part of the city known as Newington Butts, near the "Elephant and Castle," and it will be well for you to take a cab, and if you want to stand well with "cabby," you must give him something more than the usual fare of sixpence for all trips under a mile.

You will be put down at the door of the church, and a stranger will accost you with a ticket for a good seat, and ask you to remember the "orphanage," a neat way of purchasing a reserved seat. You enter a spacious building, oblong in shape, with galleries running entirely around it. It is built of Kentish rag, a stone much used in England. It is 208 feet long, and 106 feet wide; the height of ceiling 89 feet, and cost about £30,000. The main floor and two galleries will accommodate 7,000 people, and are always filled. The singing is led by a precentor, and the *people* sing. In most churches the choir sings and the people hang on. Here the choir numbers near about 7,000. While the people sing some simple,

earnest song, Mr. Spurgeon enters. He moves deliberately, and as you can see him and the pulpit from any part of the building, you have plenty of time to scan him.

He is a thick-set and noticeably ungainly man, now more clumsy and awkward in his movements as he is afflicted with the gout, and if you are near enough you can see a pallor in his face indicative of suffering, and that his days of robust health are over. But his face wins you; there is an expression of refinement, genius, and simple unaffected tender earnestness, which seizes upon you at once, and when he *speaks* you forget to criticise; ashamed of the spirit, and begin to worship; his voice thrills, melts, and rouses you; now it rings like a trumpet—now it weeps like a harp, then it sweeps like a tempest—his pleading pathos is resistless; there is an eager, wistful expression of those great, large, loving eyes that search you through, and make him one of the most effective of speakers.

You can't resist him; there is no attempt at oratory—yet it is the sublimest mastery of speech you ever heard, plain, homely, direct, earnest, really talking not at you but to *you*

—you feel that *you* are meant, and you don't resist—with a tenderness and reverence which are inimitable, and by his quick and earnest turns he puts common or familiar incidents in new and flashing lights that completely surprise and master you.

It is plainly seen what are his two favorite books—the Bible and the book of human nature. Now he turns a glowing, triumphant page, and now a tragic, tear-blurred leaf of human life; tenderly seamed, gently and faithfully spelled out and learned by heart.

Mr. Spurgeon *speaks*—he don't preach, he talks. Some one asked him where he got his sermons from.

"Everywhere," said the great preacher; in the fields and shops. I shall get one out of you before I leave you."

He abominates this mouthing, mincing oratory, and here is how he hits it off. In a lecture to his students he was castigating this "dawdling Dundrearyish method," and he tells this story:

"A reverend fop was once mincing out his sermon in the little genteel chip—chip—chip of a chaffinch, when two sailors who sat in the

church exchanged significant smiles, and one said 'he thought the feller had swallowed a dumpling,' but the other whispered: 'No, Jack, he ain't swallowed un; he's got un in his mouth a wobblin,' and so he goes for 'chip,' 'lisp,' 'wobbling,'' 'pomposity,' etc."

He speaks out "like a man" who aches to speak some comforting, helpful, saving words to the vast throngs before him.

If you ever hear Mr. Spurgeon, contrast the stately sepulchral grandeur of St. Paul's with the simple richness and sweetness of humanity.

Go and see one of the greatest temples of human creation, and then go and hear the greatest living preacher of the world, and you will vote with me, that before all and above all stands this helpful, loving, earnest man, full of good works, accomplishing grander results in the span of a single generation than St. Paul's, the massive and gloomy, though it stands for a thousand years.

A Visit to Derby.

I AM off again. This time to the town of Derby, the capital of Derbyshire, situated in the southern part of the county, in the wide and fertile valley of the Derwent. It is a large manufacturing town of great activity and wealth, and is well situated for manufacture and trade, being at the south end of a vast coal field, and connected by canals and railways with the greater part of England.

It has many historical connections with different periods of time, and different spheres of actions. Military, literary, mechanical, scientific, and religious.

The scene around is everywhere varied and full of beauty. Rich boquets of woods dotting the spaces, swelling fields and rolling plains, green sward, and black heather, interspersed with bilberry, and other shrubs, are richly sprinkled with rare tones of coloring from the rising or setting sun.

Derby is also the place where the last martyr was burned—poor, helpless Jane Waste.

Young—but twenty-two—and blind! Thank God, her blood quenched the lapping flames of persecution and religious hate; and increasing toleration soon made useless and vacant, scaffold, axe and cell, torch and stake.

Here is also the old Free English Grammar School, one of the oldest English institutions, reaching back to 1162. Here Blackwell, author of the "Sacred Classics," was a master, and Flamsteed was a pupil. Here the first astronomer royal of England studied the stars, calculated eclipses, and first devoted himself to astronomical pursuits. Here, also, Dr. Darwin founded his philosophical society, and wrote most of his works; and perhaps here the modern theory of development lay in the germ, that was reserved for his grandson, Charles—that living naturalist of the highest eminence—to develop, and that has wrought such changes in biology, and kindred sciences.

Derby has manufactories of cotton, lace, hosiery, lead, iron, paints, porcelain, jewelry, black marble vases, and other articles of *vertu*, and, last of all, silk. The first silk factory was started here. The first mill for throwing silk was introduced into Derby, from Italy,

early in the eighteenth century, being the first and largest of the kind in England.

It is also connected, in a very ancient way, with antiquity. Derby seems to have been the Roman station Derventio, which stood on the opposite bank of the river from the present town. Gold, silver, and brass Roman coins have been found here, as well as Roman pavement, and the foundations of a Roman bridge over the river Derwent.

Derby was called Northworthige by the Saxons, and Deoraby by the Danes. It was given by the Conqueror to William Peverell, who obtained the privilege of dyeing cloth, from Edward the Third.

Here the Quaker was born—where Justice Brent first called George Fox a Quaker, and where Jedediah Strutt invented the ribbed stocking frame. Reasons enough, these, I think, for calling your attention to Derby.

There is to me still another reason for remembering this place with emotions of shame, surprise, gratitude, and joy. About fifteen years ago, I passed through Derby under vastly different auspices. Then I was a broken, penniless, homeless stranger, a poor,

drunken wanderer, nobody caring for me, only to avoid me; not a passer-by turning his head to look at the shiftless, dissipated, poorly clad, and early ruined youth, that with shaking nerves and unsteady step threaded its streets, and offended the sight of heaven with his degredation. Oh, the change that has succeeded to the shame of by-gone years! Now restored—with manhood rehabilitated, with nerves steady and heart all right. I have visited Derby once more, to be received and honoured by its officers, trustees, and citizens.

Sunday, September 23rd, 1877, I preached in Derby, in the largest church, which was thronged long and long before the hour for service to commence, hundreds going away; the whole town seemed stirred to hear the once unknown, degraded man. We were duly humbled; it seemed to us like a dream, and expected a rude waking. It was a fitting thing to do where I had sinned so shamefully, and perhaps pulled others after me into the mire, to stand and confess my reformation and redemption, and tell the thronging multitude that it was not I that did it, but that "I met" another "in the way," who drew me

after him, and that I could not help but speak, and sing his praise.

Derby is one of those places where a life has had its history gauged; where a soul has touched its lowest descent and reached its highest point; where, swinging down and out about the circuit of a few brief years, it comes in by the guiding of a hand unseen once more, this time making an *ascending* course, which I hope, and you hope, will never—never once deflect again, or ever cease.

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